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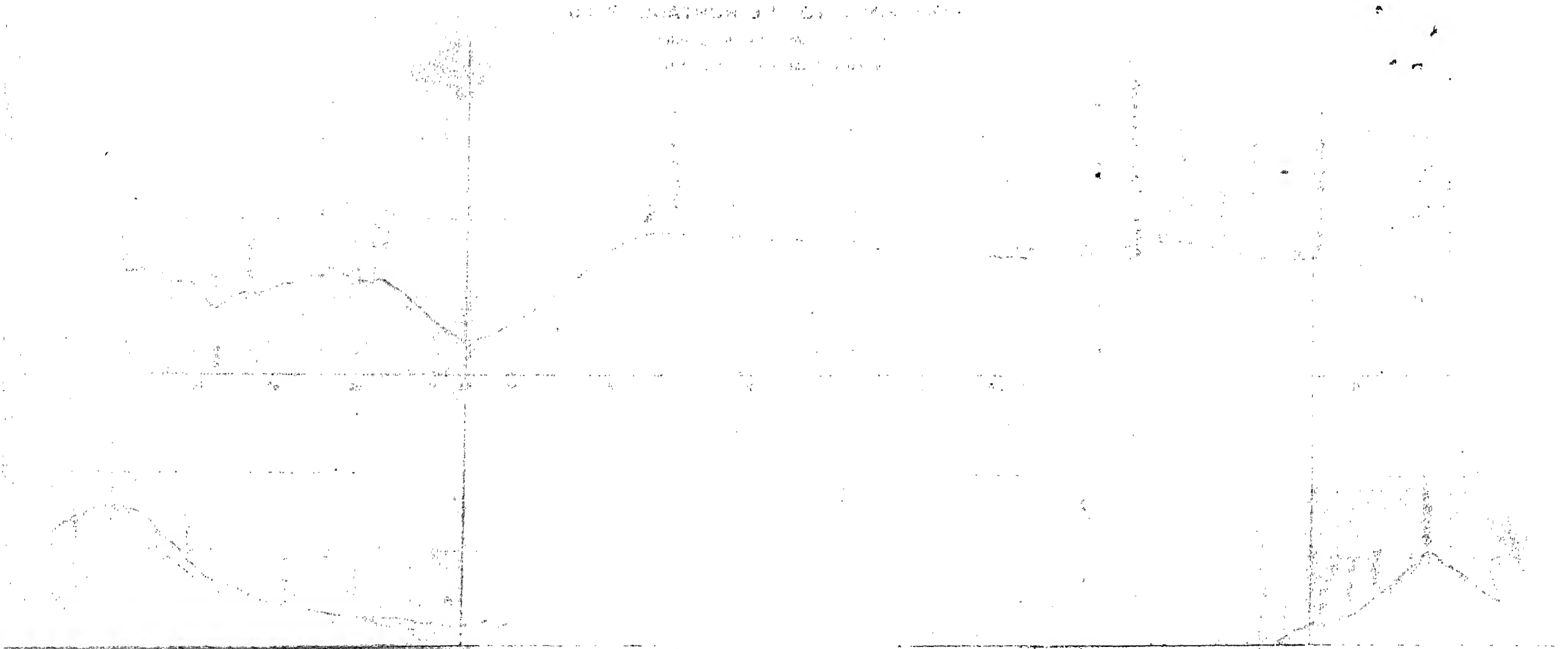
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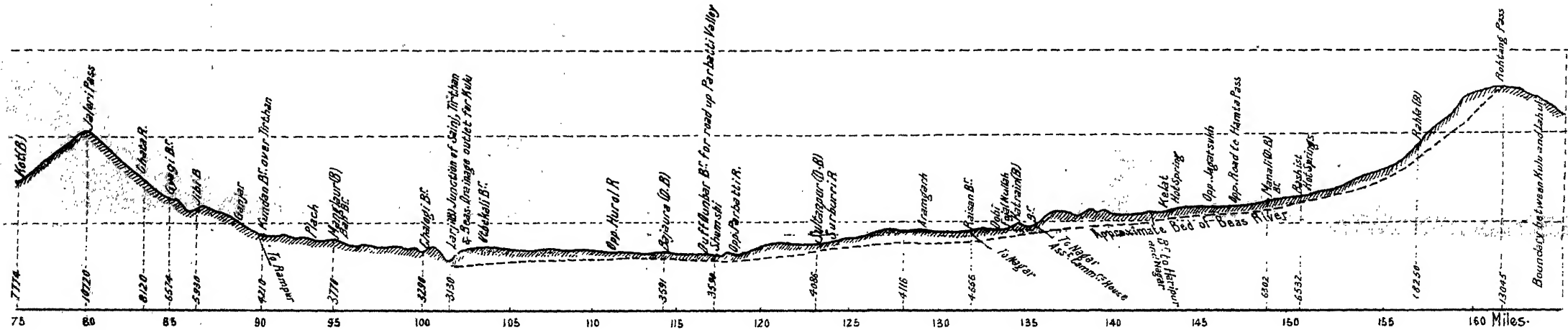
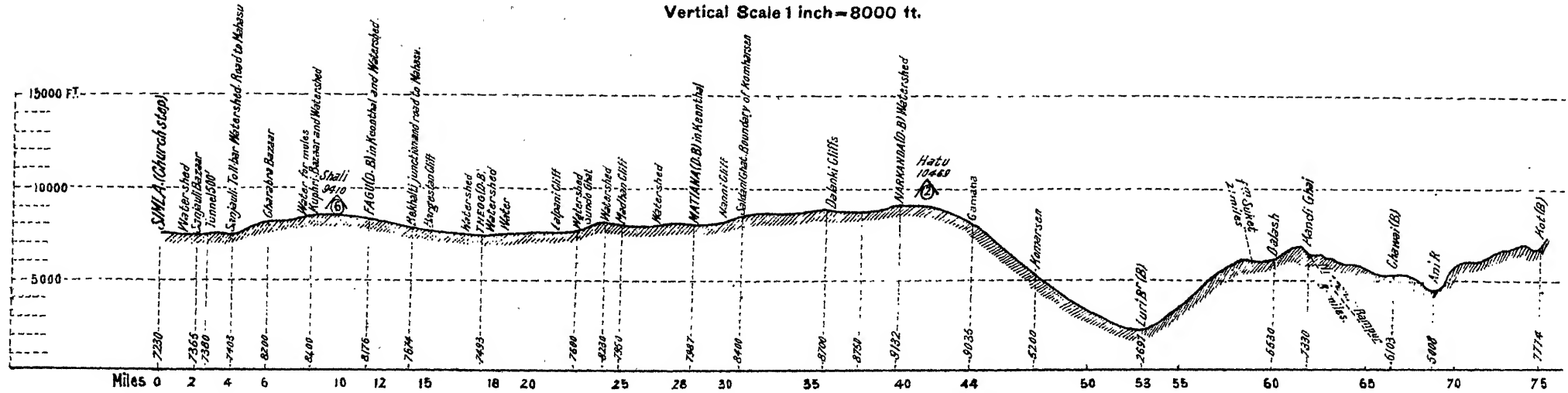




# LINEAR MAP OF ROAD FROM SIMLA TO THE ROHTANG PASS

Horizontal Scale 1 inch = 8 miles

Vertical Scale 1 inch = 8000 ft.



# TO KULU AND BACK

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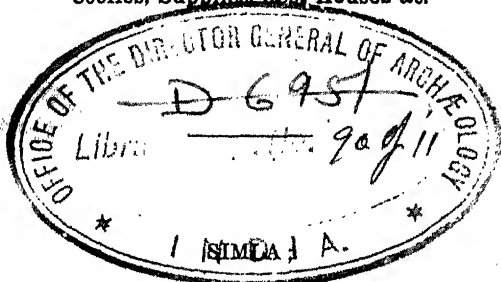
M. C. FORBES.



WITH TWO MAPS.

List of Routes, Shooting Regulations, and Rules regarding

Coolies, Supplies, Rest-Houses &c.



THACKER, SPINK & CO.,

1911.

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## PREFACE.

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During the summer of 1910, having had a glimpse of the country beyond Simla, I determined to make a more extensive journey in the hills and was recommended to go to Kulu, which was described as a paradise of beauty. As any further enquiries, however, only produced some vague remarks upon scenery and apples, I went to Messrs Thacker, Spink & Co., and asked for a guide-book to these parts. No book was to be had, and it appeared that, though such a work was often asked for, the traveller to Kulu was obliged to start on a voyage of discovery and glean information as he went along. Though there is great charm in doing this, some less adventurous spirits may perhaps be glad to know beforehand the length of the marches, the supplies that should be taken, and the things of interest to be seen by the way. Hence the publication of this little book, which does not claim to be an exhaustive account of Kulu, but merely a description of certain routes there and back, chiefly from the point of view of travellers from Simla.

I have to express my grateful acknowledgements to the friends who kindly looked over the chapters referring to places and events with which they were familiar. I am especially obliged to Mr. J. Coldstream, Assistant Commissioner of Kulu, who took a great deal of trouble in revising my statements, and has thus given to my little work a far greater measure of accuracy than would otherwise have been attained.

SIMLA ;

*April 1911.*



# TO KULU AND BACK.

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## INTRODUCTION.

There are many places in the Himalayas, besides hill-stations, where a few months may be spent very pleasantly, but there are not many that can compare with this land of the mountain and the flood in beauty, attractiveness, and accessibility. When the question arises of finding a pleasant country in which to wander off the beaten track into beautiful surroundings, Kashmir is the first place that generally occurs to people. It is indeed a lovely land, with its lakes and mountains, its poetical associations, and its practical advantages in the form of golf links and house-boats. But so great are its attractions that it is fast becoming almost too popular, and those who like a quiet life have to go elsewhere in search of it. To such the Kulu valley will appeal. It cannot, of course, rival Kashmir in some respects. No Tom Moore has sung its praises, leaving a train of romantic associations attached to it, it cannot boast a series of exquisite lakes, nor can it offer as much in the way of creature comforts.

Its rivers are torrents, its poetry unwritten, its legends, for the most part, unknown—yet no one who goes there can fail to come under the spell of its fascination, and to feel that in its scenery a new standard of beauty has been revealed. The charm of the open valley itself, with its fruit-gardens, and cornfields, and look of pleasant prosperity, heightens the effect of the barren splendour of the great snow-peaks and the turbulent rush of the many rivers down their rocky gorges. No words can adequately describe the beauty of the mountain scenery on the Upper Beas, or in the Parbatti valley, and in every direction there are things of interest—old temples, wonderful hot springs, splendid forests, mines where silver may still be taken out in handfuls, a picturesque and friendly people, and game, both large and small, for those that go in search of it.

Nor is there any difficulty in reaching a country which is approached by good paths from at least three directions, where bungalows are found at every march, and where food is cheap and easily procured by a little timely notice.

✓ Kulu may be entered from Pathankot across the Bubbu Pass, from Simla by the Jalori Pass, or from the south-west by the excellent roads through Suket and Mandi. These are all delightful journeys, second only to Kulu itself in beauty, and full of interesting places by the way.

For an artist, whether with brush or camera, Kulu is indeed a paradise. The whole country is full of delightful subjects—the villages, with their dark wide-roofed houses and carved temples under huge trees are most picturesque, the people are often extremely good-looking, with their wealth of barbaric jewellery and pretty fashion of decking themselves with flowers, and even the curious Lahoulis and Spitis, in turquoise *peraks*, or with a silver lotus ornament on the crown of the head, have a great deal of quaint charm in spite of their flat faces and small eyes.

Sport is too large a subject to enter on here, suffice it to say that Kulu boasts no less than five varieties of pheasant, besides chikor and other game birds, that the leopard and the black bear are only too common, and the red bear is still to be met with on the *thaches*, or grassy alps far up the mountains, that the barking deer, the musk-deer and the ghoral are plentiful, and a notice giving all information about the license for shooting, and the regulations for its control, is to be found on the walls of every rest house. This notice is also added at the end of this book.

In the rains the flowers of Kulu must be marvellous. The tangle of dry seed-pods and withered fruits that remains in the autumn tells of masses of wild-flowers earlier in the year, and the Alpine



flora of the higher hills is said to be absolutely wonderful. Even as the winter draws on, from hill-top to valley some blossoms linger. The *gentian* seems to wait for the snow before vanishing from the grassy heights, and low down by the banks of the Beas, the lavender blossom of the *Hamiltonia* is still fragrant, while between these extremes quite a number of flowers are to be found. But if the flowers are diminishing, the autumn tints take their place, and as the horse-chestnuts turn golden and the maples scarlet, and patches of bright colour are supplied by the amaranth fields and the heaps of Indian corn drying on the house-tops, no one can say that Kulu has become sombre since the summer has vanished.

The actual valley is but a small part of Kulu, even without touching on Lahoul and Spiti, which are both in this sub-division of Kangra District. First there is the large province of Seoraj, extending from the right bank of the Sutlej to Larji, and full of lofty mountains. Except for the main road from Luri Bridge, however, there are not many paths; and there are but two passes over the great range that shuts in Kulu proper, the Jalori and the Basleo. Waziri Rupi is another interesting division of Kulu, the "silver county," where the mountains still contain untold wealth buried in silver and lead mines now abandoned, where the hot springs of

Manikaran have steamed for centuries, and where the splendid snow-peaks that bar the traveller's progress eastwards will always guard the valley from intrusion save by its main entrance up the Parbatti river or by its back door over the Malana Pass.

The road over the Hamta Pass into Lahoul and Spiti is said to have the finest scenery and finest flowers in Kulu, but it must be traversed on foot, carrying food, firewood, and all necessities for five marches up its rugged and uninhabited heights, so it is not a trip to embark on rashly.

The Solung valley, through which the Beas<sup>g</sup> Kund flows, though only 15 miles long, also has magnificent views, and grows the largest deodars in the world. The Beas itself, all the way up to Rahla and beyond, leaves nothing to desire in the matter of scenery, nor is it less wonderful at its lowest point, where as a great green river, fed by every stream in Kulu, it turns into Mandi, flowing westward through the narrow gorge at Larji between towering cliffs.

Besides the Sutlej valley, and the offshoots from the Beas, the huge mountain regions of Lahoul and Spiti are there to be explored, so that the interests of the country are practically inexhaustible. Surely no one who has ever been to Kulu can have returned disappointed with this beautiful land.

## PRACTICAL HINTS.

**Routes.**—Though Kulu is usually entered by one of five passes, two of these are little likely to be on the route of any traveller. The **Basleo Pass** on the road from Rampur in Bashahr over to Manglaor, would be out of the way of anyone coming from the S.E. or Simla direction, and the western side, a very mountainous country, is entirely bounded by native states where practically no Europeans live. The **Rohtang Pass** too, is very seldom the entrance to Kulu, though many travellers cross it into Lahoul, but are usually obliged to return the same way, though there is a route to Kashmir through Ladakh many marches on. From Simla, the obvious route is *via* Narkanda, reaching the borders of Kulu in five easy marches, and crossing the encircling range of hills by the **Jalori Pass**. Though this is 10,600 feet high, yet the ascent is spread over several marches, so that the climb is not unduly severe, and it is much easier when entering Kulu than when leaving it, as the hill is steepest on the northern side. When the new road is completed the gradient will be better on both sides of the pass, which will be crossed at a point a good deal lower than where the present road runs.

For those who may not be starting from Simla, there are other possible routes. That across Kangra

District is an excellent one, leaving the railway at Pathankot, going a day's journey by tonga to Palampur and marching from there *via* Baijnath, Jatingri and the **Bubbu Pass** reaching Kulu six miles before Karaon on the seventh march and Sultanpur is reached on the eighth day. The road goes through much beautiful scenery, and Palampur, the fine old temple at Baijnath, and the pass itself, are all well worth seeing. This pass is 9400 feet high, and the road is steep both up and down, but all that engineering can do to lessen the climb has been done. Both this and the Jalori are liable to be closed in January for about three months, by snow, during which time the only remaining pass, the **Dulchi**, must be crossed.

The Dulchi is the pass between Kulu and Mandi, and is only 6700 feet high. The road up and down is incomparably better than that through any of the other passes. The route from the Dharmsala side leaves the road which leads to the Bubbu between Dhelu and Jatingri, and continues through Mandi territory by Urla and Drang to Kataula.

From the south, it is possible to march from **Kalka** or **Dharmpur** *via* Bilaspur, Suket and Mandi, reaching Kulu about the eleventh march, and this route has the advantage of being open all the year round, and in the winter it is not disagreeably cold.

There is also a possibility of reaching the Suket-Mandi route from **Doraha**, a station between Ambala and Ludhiana. The line here crosses the Sirhind Canal thirty-six miles from its head at Rupar, only a night's journey off by house-boat. (For the hire of the latter, apply to the Executive Engineer, Punjab Irrigation Department, Ludhiana). From Rupar, a path goes to Kala Kund in 21 miles, and on to Bilaspur in 15 more. The next march is to Dihur in Suket, after which the road is excellent. There are no bungalows, however, before Bilaspur on this road, which up to Dihur is not a very good one.

Straight across Mandi State is yet another route. From **Jullundur** to **Una**, (52 miles) it is possible to drive, after which a good path crosses to Mandi, *via* Barsar, Agha, Bhamla and Galma. All the stages are not supplied with rest-houses however, nor are servants kept at those that exist. This is a hot journey in summer, and an immense amount of mule and camel traffic goes by this route.

Yet another route from Simla goes through Suket, Mandi, and over the Dulchi Pass, and rest-houses are built at every stage—**Naldera**, **Suni**, **Alsindi**, **Chindi**, **Jhungi**, **Ghiri**, **Bhojpur** and **Mandi**,—reaching **Kulu** at the eleventh march. Though this is apparently much longer than the Narkanda way, it must be remembered, that al-

though the borders of Kulu are not reached so soon, the distance to the capital is only fourteen miles more, and if the Jalori Pass is blocked by snow, this route is a possible alternative. Both this road and the road from Suket to Bilaspur and on to Simla *via* Namhol and Arki, offer excellent alternatives to a return journey from Kulu through Narkanda.

**Transport:**—When travelling in the primitive way which is necessary in hill countries, where no kind of wheeled vehicle is possible, and where the traveller must ride or walk his daily march along such paths as he may find, it is a point of great importance to consider carefully before starting what means of conveyance it is best to adopt for the baggage required.

At first sight it seems as if coolies, at four annas per stage, were the solution of the difficulty. The supply of men at the various halts, is controlled by the *lambardars* in turn, who get half an anna as commission for each coolie. Provided that coolies enough are forthcoming at the hour for starting, and that the traveller does not loiter after his arrangements are made, all may be well. It is seldom however that things go smoothly for long. There will be a difficulty in collecting coolies at some stage or other, and some baggage will have to be left behind to follow later, or a change of plan

will delay the journey a day or two, and the men will return to their homes instead of waiting, (for two annas a day) at the stage to which they have been summoned. It is certainly very annoying to be delayed at some dull place for want of transport, when time is flying and wasted days may mean leaving some future expedition undone, or some interesting spot unvisited. But people are too apt to consider the question of coolies purely from a selfish point of view, perhaps not realizing that there are two sides to the question. They complain bitterly of the difficulty of getting them, and the annoyance of being kept waiting at stages, and in fact behave as if it was their right to make a serious demand on the resources of the country, and are aggrieved at finding the pleasure of their journey diminished by the daily worry and anxiety of the portorage question. The rule on the subject posted up in every rest-house and dak-bungalow (of which a copy is to be found in this book) cannot be too strongly insisted on, that notice must be given three days in advance to the lambardar of the stage at which the coolies are required. It is useless to arrive without warning and expect on starting next day that twenty or thirty coolies will appear at your bungalow to carry on the baggage, just as a four-wheeler will answer your whistle in London to go to King's Cross or Euston. These

men are not idly waiting to be summoned to the dak-bungalows. They have their land to cultivate, their flocks and herds to look after, and, in short, their own business to do. Owing to the curious disregard of money in Kulu, and the unwillingness of the people to consider it a sufficient reason to exert themselves, or even to sell what they could well spare, the traveller usually finds it necessary to apply to the local authorities for assistance, and the officials endeavour to provide that coolies and food should be obtainable on payment at reasonable rates. Such help, though extended to every traveller, cannot be claimed as a right. It is a privilege, and as such it should not be abused. The total number of men available near any one stage is not very large. The villages in Kulu are small and scattered, half a dozen houses often constitute a hamlet, and to collect men of an age and strength for the work demanded, the headman will have to send messages to many places, often far up the hills, before the muster is complete. Take, for instance Nagar, one of the largest villages in Kulu. Its population is about two hundred, and out of this there are perhaps thirty-five able-bodied men, capable of carrying baggage. Quite a small camp will require forty coolies, a large one will perhaps need a hundred and fifty, and if there happen to be several parties of travellers in Kulu at the same



time, it is easy to see that the agriculture of the country may absolutely be brought to a standstill. True the women do a great part of the field work but ploughing is done solely by the men; and ploughing is a consideration in a land that yields two crops a year. Then the most important crop, rice, is dependent on irrigation, and each zemindar has to take his turn of having the canal diverted to his particular fields. It is evident therefore, that if he is called away just as his turn comes, when his day's work may mean the success or failure of his crop, it is almost an insult to offer him four annas as compensation. It must be remembered too, that it often costs him three days absence to earn even this pitiful sum—a day to reach the place where he is required, a day's march with his burden, and yet another day to get back to his own village. All things considered, it is scarcely wonderful that coolies should sometimes be hard to get—the wonder is that the lambar-dars can induce them to go at all. Of course a good deal of mutual arrangement is possible, and this is another reason for proper notice being given, so that a man whose turn it is to go, if specially occupied on his land, may have time to find a substitute in some neighbour who is more at leisure. The present rate of coolie hire was fixed when labour was cheaper, and in all probability it will shortly be raised.

It is perhaps not as well known as it should be, that the coolie difficulty may be avoided by employing mules. For anyone who is not making a long stay, but simply spending a couple of months or so in wandering through this lovely valley, stopping a day or two here and there to visit temples and sacred springs, or to make expeditions up the hills and mountain passes, there can be no question that mules are infinitely to be preferred. They must be hired in Simla, as a supply cannot be depended upon in Kulu, and kept for the whole journey, thus all necessity for sending on notice to the lambardars for coolies is obviated. They start when required, can do a double march on occasion, and if the traveller is tempted to spend an extra day in any particularly fascinating spot, he is not confronted with the necessity of disarranging his whole journey, and keeping his coolies waiting for him at the next stage by doing so. Mules can be obtained from the Simla chowdry in the lower bazaar, and a mule-driver goes with every two or three animals. This individual is not paid separately, but his pay is included in the hire of the mules, and all food and expenses for man and beast also come out of this payment. The rates of hire compare favourably with the cost of coolies. In the Simla Hill States *i.e.* as far as the Luri Bridge, the charge is one rupee per stage, with eight annas for

each day halted. In Kulu the rate is ten annas a day and as one mule will carry as much as three coolies, it is evident that there the cost of the actual marches is cheaper when mules are employed. It must be noted, however, that a halt does not mean an immediate relief from all expense, as is the case with coolies who are dismissed on arrival, but unless a very long stay is to be made, in which case some special arrangement might be come to, the difference on the whole journey will not be very great. Another point to be noted is the immense saving of daily trouble in being able to pay for the mules on the conclusion of the whole journey, instead of having to carry bags of small change and pay at every stage.

Certain passes such as the Hamta must be crossed with coolies; and wanderings from the beaten track usually mean roads impracticable for laden animals, but almost all the most interesting places in Kulu and Seoraj can be visited with pack-mules, and all the main arteries of the country can be easily followed. From Luri to the Rohtang, and across the Dulchi and Bubbu passes in the west, up the Parbatti valley to Manikaran, and over the Basleo pass to Rampur,—all these are accessible to the employer of mules and will provide many a long day's journeying.

**Bungalows:**—Kulu is well supplied with bungalows, though at few are any servants to be found, and the furniture does not go beyond bare necessities. The charge is one rupee per night for each person and servants and horses are not paid for. Travellers are rather prone to mistake their position in regard to accommodation by the way. It is so arranged that there is a rest-house about every eight or ten miles on the main routes, but only in two places, Bajaura and Sultanpur, is this a regular dak-bungalow, where anyone has a right to claim shelter for twenty-four hours. The other rest-houses are intended primarily for the use of the district officials travelling on duty, and it is only in the absence of these officials that they are supposed to be used by other travellers. Anyone arriving on duty has the first claim to the bungalow, which, indeed, he might have reserved altogether had he wished to do so. P. W. D. rest-houses, (of which those at Naldera, Kufri, Luri Bridge, Gondla in Lahoul, and Rampur and Nirith on the Hindustan-Thibet road are the only ones at all near Kulu,) are under the control of the Assistant Engineer, Kulu, or Simla, as the case may be, and he should be written to for permission to occupy them. Any forest bungalows, such as Pulga, should be asked for from the Assistant Conservator of Forests, Kulu. If travelling in native states, such as Mandi, Suket,

and Kahlur, the Wazir of the State should be written to, and he will give directions to the local authorities concerning bungalows and supplies. The latter are often difficult to obtain without his help.

But it is not at all necessary to be dependent on bungalows when a tent is so easily taken, and so comfortable to live in. The cost of transport of an 80 lb tent, including the necessary furniture and a small *tente d'abri* for servants, (being just a mule-load,) actually comes to less than the rupee a night paid for the bungalow. A tent allows of wanderings from the beaten track, and places without a rest-house have no terrors; also it ensures pleasant and uncrowded quarters, when, as sometime happens, the bungalows are wanted for more guests than their limited accommodation is adapted to shelter. There is great comfort in having one's things in the same places day after day, and the cleanliness of a tent is an enormous advantage. Also there is something very delightful in a life wholly out-of-doors, day and night, and after a few weeks of camping one is loth to return to the shelter of a roof. Until the beginning of December, a tent is quite possible, though plenty of rugs and wraps are needed, as it gets very cold after sunset. A folding bed, table, and chair, are the principal articles of furniture and a canvas or india-rubber

bath must be taken; two lengths of waterproof canvas, three yards each, make an excellent carpet, and can also be used on the march to cover baggage in wet weather.

At some bungalows,—those regular dak-bungalows possessing servants—a charge of eight annas is made for encamping in the compound. This includes the right to stable a horse. At most, however, no charge for either tent or stable is made.

**Stores.**—The question of stores is one which must be decided by the requirements of the party. Some people go in for the simple life and can live on chapattis and boiled eggs, while others are not content with less than six courses at dinner. Speaking generally, whatever is likely to be wanted should be taken in sufficient quantity to last out the trip, as Sultanpur is the only place where groceries and such things as tea, soap, good flour, etc. can be bought, and stores cannot be expected to be as fresh there as in Simla where the turn-over is large, and naturally the price is higher owing to the carriage to Kulu.

The following list may be of some use as a reminder of necessities. Flour, rice, oatmeal, baking powder, candles, soap, matches, butter in  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb tins, bacon in "Kellnerine" gelatine cover, tea, coffee, cocoa, a couple of tins of Ideal milk, biscuits, cake in tins, jams and marmalade,

cornflour, sugar, potted meats, corned beef in tins, salt, pepper, mustard, spices, curry-powder, raisins and currants, Kerosene oil (1 tin, as it can be got easily), boot polish, (black and brown,) Keating's powder, some tins of kippered herrings or finnan's, a packet or two of "Erbswurst" (an excellent pea soup,) and if liked, the 1 lb tins of army rations with meat and vegetables, which are very satisfying. A Berkefeld pump filter, which should be cleaned and boiled weekly, will ensure a safe supply of drinking water. Butter may be sent by post every week or two for the sake of freshness, though in tins it keeps very fairly well for a month or six weeks.

A certain number of medicines should be taken, allowing enough to treat the people who come to ask for help; quinine, chlorodyne, boric or carbolic ointment, sticking plaster, Cockle's pills, if possible some cough remedy, boric acid powder, aspirin, and any other medicines thought likely to be wanted. Also a bandage and some lint in case of accident, and a packet of compressed cotton-wool.

A hurricane lamp should be taken, and a small oil stove, such as the "Beatrice" at Rs. 3. 8. is very useful as it often takes some time to get firewood on arrival at a camping place. A good map is a necessity, number 47 of the Indian Atlas, covers practically the whole of Kulu and the states to the

east, south and west of that country. The scale is four miles to an inch. It is to be had from Messrs Thacker, Spink & Co, Simla, price Rs. 4 mounted on linen. For Lahoul, Spiti, and countries north of Kulu number 46 is required.

**Supplies.**—Supplies are another important point. Many people come to Kulu under the impression that it is a land flowing with milk and honey—at twelve and three seers to the rupee respectively—and that excellent country fare at fabulously low rates, will be urged upon them at their daily halts. True, food is cheap in Kulu, but again the uncommercial character of the inhabitants leads to misunderstandings and difficulties. It must be remembered that there are no shops, and that the traveller is dealing with a farmer rather than a tradesman, and consequently must expect to purchase his food in the form of farm produce. He cannot for instance, order a leg or a saddle of mutton, but there is little difficulty in buying a live sheep at a price which the saddle alone would cost him elsewhere, and if he cannot use it all, or get some one to share it with him, it is still not a very great extravagance, as it only cost about Rs. 5. At some places too, the people are quite willing to take part of the sheep killed to order. As sheep are not always to be had in the vicinity of the rest-houses, notice should be given to the lambardar when one is wanted. They may



be a day's journey off, especially during summer, when they are taken up to the heights for grazing. Fowls and eggs can generally be obtained on the main routes, but these are kept solely for the benefit of visitors, and are not used by the people themselves; consequently if the supply of eggs runs short it is because there are no more, and not because they are being wilfully kept back, or used by the owner himself. The chokidars at the rest-houses are urged to keep fowls, and usually do so, but a hen, being an unclean animal in many parts of Kulu and quite useless to a villager unless his money-making instincts can be aroused, it cannot be wondered at if the supply does not always meet the demand, considering that for half the year few travellers enter Kulu, and during this time the fowls are kept at a loss. Fish do not seem very plentiful, though at Larji there seems to be a certain amount of net fishing, but the fish are small and bony. As far as servants and horses are concerned, there is no great difficulty about food. Grass is cheap, and grain is to be had almost anywhere, though of course, in visiting any out-of-the-way valley it would be well to enquire beforehand whether supplies can be had, and even if the answer is in the affirmative it is not always safe to depend solely on what may be found. Ghee, for instance, is often unobtainable and the servants complain :

bitterly of this deprivation, and horses often have to be content with crushed maize instead of barley and gram.

On the main route, however, the question of food and grass need not cause any anxiety.

When it is said of a place that "supplies" are procurable, this only means the simplest necessities, milk, potatoes, horses' and servants' food, sheep if ordered beforehand, and possibly eggs and fowls. No beef, can ever be had in Kulu.

**Servants.**—It is not possible to lay down any hard-and-fast rule as to how many servants are needed on a journey through Kulu. This must depend on the number of the party, and the amount of work required. Suffice it to state the minimum. To begin with, no one is likely to travel without a bearer to look after clothes, wait at table, control the packing, loading, tent-pitching etc., and generally to take charge of the possessions of the party. Then as very few of the rest-houses in Kulu have khansamahs, either one must be taken, or for a single person, the bearer may be induced to add cooking to his other duties. A syce of course accompanies each horse, and can help in loading and unloading the baggage and also in the pitching of tents. A sweeper must also be taken as in many rest-houses none is kept, and in very few places can one be found. A bheesti

is not absolutely necessary, as a cooly can always be got for an anna or two to fetch water. Dhobi, khitmatgar, mussalchi etc., may be taken at the discretion of the travellers, though only at the more important places will it be possible to get any washing done.

**Clothes.**—In this matter, too, everything depends on the tastes and habits of the travellers, but for ladies, skirts should be short and boots or shoes thick. The latter must have nails, or bars of leather across the soles, as the roads take it out of every form of foot-gear, and it is next to impossible to get any repairs done even in Sultanpur. Nails are essential on the slippery short turf so often met with on the hills and they do not seem to come amiss on rocks either. A supply of spare ones should be taken, as they soon get worn smooth or knocked out on the rough hill paths. Some people find grass shoes, worn over ordinary ones, comfortable, but unless the heels of the latter are very flat they do not stay on very well. Kulu is a country prolific of burrs of many sorts, and if khaki or some form of cotton is worn, the plague of finding oneself a mass of sticky prickles is avoided. At the same time plenty of thick clothes must be taken for the upper valleys, where the warmest wraps and even furs will not be found excessive after sunset and in the early mornings. A poshteen is a very useful

adjunct. A solah topi is the safest head-gear, and a cap or something of the kind, is desirable as a change.

**Riding.**—Ladies who can ride astride will find it far better to do so, not only for the safety and convenience of being able to mount and dismount easily, and if necessary, on the off-side, but because the saddle is much lighter for the horse and much less likely to rub his back on the terrible hills that are encountered, and is also less likely to get out of order itself. If a side-saddle goes wrong in any way it is a most troublesome thing to put right where there is practically no skilled labour. A ride-astride skirt, cut rather short, and buttoning up both front and back, is much more convenient than a habit for walking in, and a good deal of walking has to be done.

Provided a well-broken, quiet one can be found, no doubt the regular hill pony is the best for very bad roads. He can climb like a goat, and nothing seems to stop him. It is wonderful however how clever the ordinary horse or pony soon becomes at hill work, and how sure-footed he is if not unduly hurried down the steep bits. A pony that is well-known already is always more dependable than a stranger which may develop a capacity for shying or jibbing just at an awkward moment, and its paces are probably pleasanter than those of a Spiti or

Yarkandi. It is a safe-guard to let them wear knee-caps, and may turn a serious fall into a trivial incident. Needless to say only a quiet well-behaved horse should be taken into Kulu, but as a rule, even excitable ones become very careful on hill roads. There is always the danger, however, of something unexpected—a shower of stones falling from above, or a rush of cattle in a narrow place—which may alarm a nervous animal. A spare set of horse shoes and nails should be taken.

**Baggage.**—The best means of packing clothes, stores, and small articles is to have a pair of *yak-dans*. These are leather boxes lightly shaped, and joined by strong straps leaving a space of about a foot between them so that they fit on each side of the mule. They are of a size to hold about a maund when filled with an average load. If coolies are to carry them, care must be taken either not to fill them altogether, or to have a few bulky but light articles as the upper half of each load.

Bedding must invariably be taken, as even in the furnished dak-bungalows nothing but a bare *charpoy* is provided for sleeping on. Some people cannot do without a mattress. Well, if so, let them have it, but it is a bulky and awkward thing to carry. Those who will be content with a *resai*, or a white felt *numdah* to sleep upon, will not

perhaps lie so softly, but after a good day's march it is possible to get a very good night's rest, and if the *nawar* of the *charpoy* is a little hard, they can console themselves by remembering the tale of the princess and the parched pea, and can even feel a proud satisfaction in their own sensitiveness! A cork mattress, such as is used on camp beds, is a happy medium. Plenty of blankets should be taken to ensure warmth when in the higher regions and a down quilt is very useful, being both light and warm. There should be a waterproof cover to hold all the bedding, as it is most unpleasant to find one's only pillow or blankets soaking after a wet march—probably with very little possibility of drying them. Another reason for having everything tightly rolled up in some impervious covering is that the people who carry or handle the luggage are often by no means clean, and after a restless night of tickling and scratching, it is no consolation to feel that the seaside landlady's retort is true for once, "You must 'ave brought them with you, Sir"!

A certain portion of either mule or coolie loads must be allowed for servants' bedding and belongings. This need not be excessive, as they can buy their food as they go along, and are not so dependent on "stores" as their masters. For each horse taken too, there will be some luggage—blankets

and *jhul* for the night, bucket, halter, heel-ropes and pegs etc., and enough grain for a day's feed, if by any chance it should not be procurable at the end of the march. One mule can carry an 80 lb tent, furniture, and servants' tent, a second will take the pair of *yak-dans* containing stores and personal effects, and a third will be required for the bedding, (for one traveller and three servants), the horse's gear, and a few odds and ends,—camera, fishing-rod or gun, and the old kerosene oil-tin in which bath-water is heated, and which always gives, to otherwise tidy baggage, the effect of a tinker's belongings!

## MARCHES.

The first march from Simla is about 12 miles  
**Simla to Fagu.** and ends at Fagu. Though  
 11 $\frac{3}{4}$  miles. there may seem to be no need to  
 P. O., T. O. describe a road so well known,  
 7084 feet at least in its earlier stages,  
 still for the benefit of those who may be merely passing through Simla on their way to Kulu, the various points of interest cannot be ignored. Starting from the Ridge, the backbone of Simla, on which are the Church, Townhall, Library, Theatre, and the largest level space in the station with the exception of Annandale, the road first enters the Lakkar Bazar where the carpenters and wood-

carvers of Simla make their abode. Now is your chance to purchase a khud-stick to help you up hills, or a folding chair for your tent, or to renew your supply of tent pegs. It will be long before you see any shops, except those intended solely for the patronage of the inhabitants. A little further on the Commander-in-Chief's house, Snowdon, is passed,—a pleasant looking, rather than imposing building, though the Ghurka Guard and the dumpy little guns at its gateway remind us of its dignity. Now the road winds deeply into a ravine where in winter, the sun never seems to penetrate, and where the ice is always hard. At the next corner however, warmth and sunshine return, and a glorious panorama of the snows comes in sight. Here is the path winding down to the Walker Hospital, the splendid gift of Sir James Walker, and a benefit which Simla would miss sorely did circumstances ordain its removal. A little further on the fine building of the Mayo Orphanage lies just below the road, and if it is not in school hours the merry voices of the children are heard as they romp in the spacious playground. Now the road once more enters a ravine, and winds gently down to the breezy corner where the Ladies' Mile ends at Sanjaoli, and the station of Simla and Jakko are left abruptly behind.

Sanjaoli is the point where mule traffic touches the road for a few yards between the upper road



over the hill and the lower road below the Mall. In former days (before these special mule roads were made), the dust from the caravans was so great as to make the public roads almost intolerable, but now mules and coolies must travel by their own special paths and are not allowed on the Mall after 8 a. m. Soon after the village is passed the road enters the tunnel which saves a long climb over a hill. Here it was that Lord Kitchener met with an accident some years ago. He was riding out to his house at Mahasu, Wildflower Hall, towards evening, and half-way through, met some coolies rattling along an empty rickshaw, in haste to reach Simla before dusk. At that time the passage was much narrower than at present and there were two or three recesses to allow horses or rickshaws to pass each other. One may imagine however, that a restive or nervous horse, was not easy to control in such a spot, and Lord Kitchener's steed taking fright, reared, dashing the rider against the wall, and breaking his leg. The coolies who had done the mischief bolted in terror, and fearing that they would be held responsible, said nothing about the affair. The unfortunate Commander-in-Chief lay for some considerable time before another rickshaw happened to pass through the tunnel, and help was summoned to carry him back to Snowdon.

After leaving the tunnel, the road, perfectly

level, goes along an open rocky hill-side for the next two miles. Below is the catchment area, carefully guarded from trespass, in order that the Simla water supply may be kept pure. This enclosure extends to the top of the Mahasu hill, about six miles out. In the autumn it may be shot over on payment of a fee, after the Viceroy has first had a day there.

Near the third milestone a toll is passed, where the notice boards remind us that we are no longer in British territory, but in the dominions of the Raja of Koti, whose elephant is always such a feature at Sipi fair. After half-a-mile more, we leave the wide carriage road, and take the path to the right, uphill, marked "The Retreat." This is the country house of the Viceroy when he takes a quiet week-end in the Mahasu woods. Passing to the right of the second board marked "Retreat" the road runs gently uphill at a perfectly even gradient till the top of the ridge is reached at the sixth milestone and the Shali range opposite comes in sight. Here there are two paths to the right, either of which leads to Kufri and on to Fagu. The main road however, is a mile or so longer than the other, but is of much better surface, with a smooth gentle downhill and a good width. For those who are riding or walking, the short cut to the immediate right, past Wildflower Hall, though rough and hilly, is very shady and plea-

sant. It comes out just at Kufri P. W. D. bungalow, where if permission has been obtained, a night's rest may be had, though no khansamah or stores are kept there. A mile further on is Kufri village, with a Post Office, Telegraph Office and quite an imposing double row of shops and houses. Here a road goes off to the right to Chail, and the Chor Peak. The Fagu road slopes gently on until it turns in at the Dak Bungalow compound,  $11\frac{3}{4}$  miles from Simla. This is a large bungalow with a khansamah and stores, and coolies can be got from the village near. A nice little sheltered camping ground lies between the bungalow and the stable. It is a pity there are not more trees about, it is rather a bleak, bare spot at present.

This is a very short stage, and is usually taken

**Fagu to Theog.**

**$5\frac{3}{4}$  miles.**

**P. O.**

**8170 feet**

**from Simla m. 11-6**

with either the Simla or the Matiana march. On leaving the bungalow, the path begins to descend and passes the village of Fagu. The

road is roughish at first, but improves later—there is a slight downhill all the way to Theog. The hillsides along which the path goes are bare and open with a fine view to the south, but about a mile before Theog it crosses to the other side of the ridge, and enters a shady pine forest, through which it continues, level and excellent, until the bungalow at Theog is reached.

*Theog* is not a mere Dak Bungalow on the way to Narkunda, but is the name of a native State, paying yearly tribute to the larger state of Keonthal, The Rana exercises full powers in his dominions, but sentences of death have to be confirmed by the Superintendent, Simla Hill States. The bungalow looks northward, and though there is a fine open view it is rather bleak and chilly, and too near the bazaar just above it. There is a khansamah, however, and one can be quite comfortable for the night there. If one is camping, and making one's own arrangements, the distance to the water supply is a drawback, it is said to be over a mile from the bungalow, but the water is of admirable purity being carefully fenced in by wire to avoid all possible contamination. About a mile and a half away is the old fort of Theog, which is well worth a visit, both for its intrinsic interest, and for the splendid view from the spur on which it stands. Just beyond the 18th milestone three paths go off to the right, one up the hill, and two down. Of the latter, one leads to Kotkhai on the Giri, the other to local villages, the former winds upwards, rough in places, but not very steep, till a little open grassy alp is reached, beyond which stands the fort built about 200 years ago according to local opinion. It has a substantial wall with no opening except on the further side, where a gateway with two dragons' heads above it leads

into a fine courtyard now apparently given over to cattle and the fort is inhabited only by a few peasants. The well is now entirely dry. At the corner of the building however stands what might be called the castle chapel—a temple of Kali, evidently much respected. Across the wooden door hang wreaths of red and white rags, mementoes of vows and requests. On the doorstep are stains of blood from the last sacrifice offered when the Rana paid it a visit. Around the lintel and on the doorposts are many coins, from the humble pie to the lordly four anna bit, each with a nail rivetting it firmly to its place, a cash payment for the favour of the goddess. The architrave is a beautiful little bit of wood-carving in several small panels. One panel shows an elephant which while crossing a river has had one foot seized by a monstrous crocodile. The pious animal grasps a leaf—it looks like a lotus—in his trunk, and raises it in a salaam to Vishnu, who appears in a glory in the sky and saves his worshipper. Another panel shows Ganesh in a halo of rays, and to balance him are two elephants carrying other deities. There seems to be little Kali-worship in these carvings. Possibly the temple was originally intended for a shrine to Vishnu, and among the votive offerings are many small iron tridents, but the blood stained doorstep, plainly shows the present recipient of honour. The view

from the fort is splendid, with snow peaks to the east and north and the hills enclosing the Giri valley to the southward.

On leaving the bungalow we follow a beautiful  
**Theog to Matiana.**      shady road, of excellent  
     **11 miles.**              surface and nearly level, for  
     **P. O.**                  about four miles, when it  
     **7493 feet**              begins to ascend and presently  
     **m. 17-2**              crosses the top of an open  
 ridge, from which there is a fine view on both sides. The ensuing mile or so is rather rough, and has a good deal of up and down hill, till it reaches the hamlet of Ganattu. Then rising until the 24th milestone is reached, the road crosses over again to the shady side of the hill, and descends through woods till within two miles of Matiana, when it recrosses to the south side and rises slightly till the bungalow is reached. This last bit is hot and shadeless.

Instead of following the main road, one may take a short cut by turning off to the right beyond Ganattu, at mile 24. This is a rough hill track, not rideable but quite an easy walk. Up to the end of the first spur the path goes along the bare hillside, but after turning the corner, is in the woods all the way, and is very pretty and pleasant, with many flowers and blackberries. It joins the main road again about two miles before Matiana.

**Matiana**—Here is a charming Dak Bungalow  
**Matiana to Narkanda** facing south with a pleasant  
 11 miles. verandah, and grass terrace  
 P. O. below, where tents may be  
 7984 feet pitched. The view though no  
 29 m. from Simla snows are visible, is very pretty, and the long spur to  
 the eastward, and the hill behind, combine to make  
 it a sheltered, cosy spot. The road to Narkanda goes  
 on round this spur, and passes several beautiful  
 water-falls, which are really magnificent cataracts  
 in the rains, but in October become merely pretty  
 rills. The road follows round the spur and winds  
 along the bare grassy hillside for about five miles,  
 level and good, but rather monotonous. At last it  
 enters the forest again, and at the thirty-fifth mile  
 passes Kodiali, a delightful bungalow, built many  
 years ago by a lover of woods and solitude, whose  
 bones now rest in its beautiful orchard. Simla is in-  
 debted to Kodiali for much of its rhubarb and aspa-  
 ragus in the season, and for many excellent apples  
 and pears later on. The fruit-trees now number over  
 five thousand and are being added to year by year.  
 After Kodiali the path winds in and out, now in  
 sun, now in shade, as it follows the curves of the  
 hill and rounds the various spurs. The slopes of  
 Sora and Huttu, clothed to the very top with  
 pines, shut in the valley on the opposite side, and  
 not until the road abruptly debouches at Narkanda

itself, does the splendid panorama of the snows appear.

There is another way from Matiana to Narkanda which, for good walkers, is much to be recommended. It is called a short cut, but the description is rather deceptive, for though it may perhaps save a mile or so in actual measurement, the climb is so arduous, and the path so rough, that probably more actual energy and quite as much time are expended as on the longer and more level route. If however only for the sake of the wild flowers it is worth taking, and the fresh mountain breeze that sweeps across the top, and the grand view make the traveller thank heaven that he is two thousand feet above the dusty mule-trodden road. A coolie from Matiana may be taken as a guide and will probably be able to tell the names of the peaks in sight as well as the local names of the flowers. Five minutes scramble straight up from the dak bungalow leads to a rough, stony track (not rideable) running to the north-east. This winds along the face of the hill for about an hour's walk till a little cairn, adorned with the usual rag-flags, marks the boundary between Keonthal and Komarsen. At this spot the path crosses to the other side of the ridge. All along the hillside are clusters of the loveliest blue rock campanula, here known as *Sinseri*, filling the crannies with beauty and looking far daintier as it



hangs down from the clefts in the rocks, than when grown as a blue carpet in an English rock-garden. Blue flowers seem to predominate for there is a veritable blue dandelion, with milky stalk and root and toothed leaf, and also a tiny sky-blue pea, which will not survive plucking, but is very charming as it grows. Michaelmas daisies of course abound, and as a contrast there is a handsome bright rose-coloured sedum, and a kind of juicy rock-plant whose leaves and little flowers are all of the most brilliant scarlet. Tufts of the pretty white-flowered shrub called *Ushlana* are plentiful too, and high up are the leaves of a primula which has bloomed earlier in the year.

After reaching the cairn before mentioned, the path suddenly improves and descends, but the climb is by no means over. After a hundred yards or so a steep zig-zag goes up to the right and this is the path that must be followed. Splendid old yew trees are now to be seen, with maples, hollies, and evergreen oaks, and in the undergrowth is a dwarf bamboo. About three quarter of an hour from the first cairn the path nears the top, and from an open space at the edge of the khud a wonderful view may be had. Far in the distance rises Jakko, the Simla bungalows gleaming on its sides. The line of the Mashobra ridge cuts sharply across it and one can almost identify "The Gables" and "Bendochy." In this

bird's eye view the whole line of the last thirty-three miles march can be traced—the woods which curve down at Kufri, the bare mountainside where the path runs through Fagu, the Theog fort crowning its ridge, and though Matiana is now hidden, it obviously lies just on the other side of Konon, the pine-clad hill in the fore-ground with a grassy alp near the top.

The Shali, with its noble peaked crest, lies opposite and is unmistakeable, though we are seeing it at right angles to the familiar Mashobra view, and are now as high as itself. A little further on are two or three open spaces—a mass of wild flowers in the rains, but now in October a wilderness of seed-pods and withered stalks. A cairn is passed, and then the crest of the hill is reached and the view of the snows appears in all its glory. Now the path descends through pine-woods, and the going is much better—pine needles seem to make a better road material than dust and disintegrated rock. About ten minutes down the road forks, and the right hand path should be taken. Ten minutes more and a ridge is reached where a path strikes off sharply to the right, but to get to the main road in the Narkanda direction, the traveller must keep straight on to where a survey cairn, marked No. 1, shows the place at which the right hand descending path should be followed. After

this there is no difficulty in finding the way, as the white line of the Hindostan-Thibet road is seen far below, and another half-hour's descent reaches it at a point thirty-six and a half miles from Simla, and about two beyond Kodiali. Up to this the walk takes about three hours, and another hour by road brings us to Narkanda.

**Narkanda.**—A Dak Bungalow, encamping ground, khansamah and stores are here, but this is the last place where servants are kept. Henceforward travellers must depend on their own stores and their own khansamah. Narkanda is the objective of many visitors from Simla, and certainly a more lovely spot would be hard to find. The bungalow faces a ring of snow-peaks, Kylas, and Raldung in the east, and the Kulu peaks to the north, the view ending in the pine-clad slopes of Huttu close at hand. From here the forest road branches off *via* Baghi, a beautiful road for nearly seventy miles, tolerably level, except for the last three stages beyond Bahli to Sarhan, where it rejoins the Hindostan-Thibet road. The lower road from the same starting point leads to Kotgarh and on by a weary downhill march to Nirith and Rampur in the Sutlej valley, and then ascends by a path up the Gaora cliff to where a new piece of road has just been made, so that the further stage to Sarhan is practically on the level, instead of having to drop 3000 feet to the Manglad

stream, and mount again on the other side. Half-way to Baghi are the Cathedral Rocks, a picturesque bit of jagged cliff, whose pinnacles certainly do bear a fantastic resemblance to some gothic Minster. The climb up Huttu, which can be made by a path starting to the right from about a mile along the Baghi road, is well worth doing for the view, and also for the wonderful varieties of wild flowers to be found. For lovers of flowers there is no doubt that the rains are by far the best time to travel. If there does happen to be a break, the whole country is far more lovely in its fresh greenness than during settled fine weather, and even if there is a good deal of rain, it is wonderful how indifferent one soon becomes to getting wet, and as it is not cold a change of clothes soon restores comfort when the day's march is over. With average luck it is not generally necessary to march in the actual rain, as a fine morning permits of a few hours dry journey, and if it is wet a little patient waiting, till the afternoon, is often rewarded by a sight of the sun.

The Kulu road goes through the little bazaar to	
<b>Narkanda to Luri</b>	the left of the Dak Bungalow,
<b>Bridge.</b>	and slopes downhill for the
<b>13½ miles</b>	whole of the stage, (over
<b>P. O., T. O.</b>	thirteen miles) to Luri Bridge.
<b>9132 feet.</b>	The path is good however and
<b>40 miles.</b>	

nowhere really steep, indeed a rickshaw can be taken for this stage, the last at which it is possible. The first half of the way goes down through pine-woods facing the snows, or taking the other side of the hill, zig-zags down open grassy spurs, looking across at the forests on the opposite hills. At the fifth mile Gamana, a picturesque village is passed, and at the seventh Komarsen is reached. This pretty little town is the capital of the native state of the same name in which Narkanda lies. Its history is much the same as that of its neighbour states. Oppressed by the Gurkhas, on their expulsion in 1815 it was restored to something like independence, and is now ruled by a Rana who is responsible to the Superintendent of the Simla Hill States. Komarsen is sometimes considered as a stage, but there is no bungalow here. There is a picturesque temple in the lower part of the bazaar, where water flows from a carved gargoyle into a trough. This water is said to be very unwholesome, and indeed it is hardly wise to drink from any wayside wells and springs close to villages. About a mile lower down is another temple built in a style reminding one of a pagoda, with up-curved roof, bells hanging at the corners, and the eaves fringed with a spindle-like decoration which quivers as the wind blows. Soon after this point the road enters on the bare grassy hill-side which

reaches all the way down to Luri. It descends by many zig-zags, till at last the nice little bungalow, high on its cliff above the Sutlej, is reached. There is no khansamah here, and as the bungalow is only partially furnished, visitors must bring their own crockery as well as all provisions required. There is plenty of room on the encamping ground for several tents, but horses must be picketed out of doors—no hardship, as after Narkanda it is almost oppressively warm.

There is a bunniah's shop just across the bridge, and milk, grass, and firewood can be procured.

On leaving the bungalow ponies and mules have

**Luri Bridge**  
**to Dalash**  
**7 miles**  
**2600 ft.**  
**miles 53.3.**

to make a detour of about a mile to the left and back to get to the bridge, but the distance may be walked in five minutes by the *pagdandi*

and steps from below the gate. This is a suspension bridge, built in 1905 on the site of an old cantalever bridge, whose remains were of much use to the engineers while constructing the new one. Here the natives are very clever in the use of *driyas* or *senais*, inflated skins, usually buffaloes, for crossing the river or going down the rapids to dislodge any floating planks which may have got caught in an eddy and jammed. These skins look most unwieldy and remind one forcibly of a walrus

or sea-lion, the tied up legs being the flippers. The rounded head, with all its openings tightly sewn or tied up, and the smooth hairless black body, seem quite unlike the shape of a buffalo. It is startling to find that this enormous carcass is easily lifted with one hand, and is not half the weight of a lady's travelling bag! The *tharu* or swimmer lies across the skin, the tied-up stumps of legs being upwards, and has a wooden paddle to propel himself, also using his legs to swim and steer. To go down the rapids a small *mussock* of the ordinary size is held in front of the large one to help the balance. It looks a most fascinating and exciting sport. A passenger can be taken but he must sit very still, almost on the top of the ferryman, and holding on to the latter's shoulders to keep the weight in the right place. The wood always to be seen floating down the Sutlej comes from jungles managed by the Forest Department. The trees are felled and cut into planks which are numbered and marked, and then carried or slid down to the river. They are then left to find their own way down to Rupar in the plains where they are reclaimed.

As soon as the bridge is crossed the traveller has entered Kulu, or strictly speaking, the province of outer Seoraj, in the Kulu sub-division of Kangra district. The long ascent to Dalash begins by zig-

zags up the grassy hill-side, and in the next six miles a height of 4000 ft. is climbed by a good path of decent width and fairly easy gradient. At the top of the hill the road turns to the left and enters the welcome shade of some pine-trees, and in another mile the village is reached. There is a post-office here and the bungalow is five minutes further on, with several rooms and good camping grounds. Supplies are to be procured from the village.

From Dalash the Salvation Army's fruit farm	at Ani can be reached, and
<b>Dalash to Ani</b>	though perhaps it is not fair
<b>8 miles,</b>	to count a private under-
<b>To Chawai</b>	taking such as this among
<b>8 miles,</b>	the sights of Kulu, yet the
<b>P. O. 6530 ft.</b>	place is so beautiful, and
<b>60 miles.</b>	

the work done there so interesting that one cannot pass it without remark. After leaving the bungalow the road slopes gently upwards for nearly two miles to the cross-roads at Kandi Ghai, marked by a single pine-tree, which is a landmark for many miles. The path to the right leads to Nirmand and Rampur, the middle one to Chawai, and the one to the left goes down to Ani. This path can hardly be recommended as an easy one, though at first its slope is gentle enough, for after one or two turns to the right it becomes extremely steep, and full of large stones embedded in soft



earth or forming rocky stairs. If one had not seen ponies and laden mules safely led down it, one would say it was impracticable for animals. About two miles from the cross-roads Chadol is reached, the orchard where apples, pears, and other fruits requiring a cool climate are grown. This orchard is an offshoot of the lower fruit-farm at Ani. After Chadol the road is even steeper and in bad weather must be almost impossible.

About five miles below Chadol the comfortable bungalow at Ani comes in sight. It was built many years ago by an American missionary, Mr. Carleton, who lived there till his death, planting and improving his property and also endeavouring to better the condition of his native tenants and neighbours. In his will he desired that Ani should never pass into other hands than those of a mission, and he would surely be gratified could he know how well his original intentions in this little settlement are being carried out, for both the practical and the spiritual interests of the place are well cared for.

The two ladies at present in command rank as majors in the Salvation Army, but their capabilities should entitle them to be generals, and the amount of work they get through, unaided by any but the most unskilled labour, is incredible. They have the entire management of the farm,

fruit orchards, cornfields, poultry, vineyard, orange grove and vegetable gardens. They make with their own hands nearly 6000 lbs of jam and marmalade in the season, besides tinning and making sauce of their tomatoes, packing and despatching fruit to market, making unfermented grape-juice wine, and carrying on countless minor industries connected with household and agricultural work. Two hours every afternoon are spent in the school, and services are held three times a week in the little church, and they find time to make converts among the people. Their hospitality, even, to strangers, appears unbounded, and after tents and dak bungalows, the homely comfort of their house, with its most excellent country fare, and beautiful open-worked house-linen—significant of the Norwegian home of one of the hostesses—is most refreshing to those who have the privilege of staying there. Ani is a lovely peaceful spot, and time can never hang heavy in a place when there are so many interests and so much work to be done

The produce of this well-managed estate is sold in Simla at the S. A. Headquarters near the Lakkar bazaar. The Ani industrial farm is already beginning to earn a name for itself, and it is certain that as time goes on it will become more and more popular as its preserved pears, lemon marmalade and other delicacies become better known.

From Ani there is a rough path up from the right bank of the Ani torrent, which, after two or three miles of steep ascent, joins the road from Dalash to Chawai. This path like the descending one is not recommended to any but good walkers, and baggage must be carried by coolies, as the mule-drivers declare it too bad a road; but the worst part of it is in shade; the views are beautiful, and if not unduly hurried over, the scramble is pleasant enough. The path joins the main road about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Chawai, and then becomes level and good.

If this long diversion to Ani is not made, the Dalash-Chawai stage is a very easy one of seven miles, with no steep bits in it.

Chawai has a nice little bungalow, with good	
<b>Chawai to Kot</b>	encamping ground and stables, and is prettily situated
<b>9 miles,</b>	
<b>6108 ft,</b>	looking across the Ani valley
<b>miles 66.5 from</b>	with a view of a picturesque
<b>Simla.</b>	

village on the hill behind. There is a delightful knoll with trees two minutes below the house to the left,—an ideal place for a picnic-lunch or tea. Local opinion has marked it as a desirable spot for a square altar-like seat is built there for the use of a local deity.

Leaving Chawai there is a long easy descent of two miles to the bridge across the Ani, here over

2000 ft. higher than when it passes the Salvation Army fruit farm. This is a lovely spot and from here onwards there are pheasants and chikor to be shot. After crossing the stream a fairly stiff ascent of about a mile and a half has to be made, after which the road is level and pleasant all the way to the last little fall and rise to Kot. At mile 73.5 there is a good place to rest and lunch, near a stream of pure water. The flowers on this march are beautiful, including a very striking scarlet ground-orchid, a mauve forget-me-not which grows in the open places and the remains of loveliness in the under growth in the woods which must have been gorgeous in the iris season, though only bare seed-pods remain in October.

At mile 75.6 **Kot** is reached, where there is the usual little bungalow in an even more than usually pretty spot. The encamping ground in front of it, a lovely piece of turf suggestive of a croquet lawn, is sheltered by splendid old deodars, and has a view right down the valley. A quaint old temple with carved wooden panels, and uncouth forms of birds on the roof, lies a little below the bungalow, and there, too, is space for tents if desired.

On leaving Kot the path begins at once to ascend and continues to do so until the top of the <b>Jalori Pass</b> is reached. The slope
<p><b>Kot to Jibl</b>  <b>12 miles, 7722 ft.</b>  <b>miles 75.6 from</b>  <b>Simla.</b></p>

is fairly easy however, and the road 14 feet wide, and the latter,—except in a few spots—has no khud below, but goes obliquely along the hillside. At first there are no trees, but at the seventy-seventh mile, where it begins to be steeper, we enter a forest of holly, yew and pine, which continues up to the top. About the 80th mile the path crosses the summit, 10,720 feet above sea level, and the view on all sides is magnificent. The Narkanda and Huttu slope, which has lately been shut out by nearer hills, comes into view, with the Shali-Mashobra ridge, and Jakko in the distance, and also the far-off hills beyond Chail. Away to the eastward are the snow-peaks of Suasung, Rahlang and Kylas, indeed a ring of snow goes right round to Chamba in the north-west, including Papidam, Batti, Deotibi, Gaphan and many unnamed giants. There is an easy path to the left of the pass along the top of the ridge, and it is worth while strolling along here to look at the view and to see the ruins of an old fort which crowns the top, surrounded by a succession of deep cisterns. A mile or so further along this ridge, another similar ruin surmounts a spur, and it is near this point that the proposed new road up the Ani valley will cross the pass. About three miles along the ridge to the right of the present pass, there are a little lake and an old temple, a great haunt of the red bear. This spot is

best reached from Kot, on the way up. The ground is a mass of juniper, barberry and other mountain plants, and a little below the summit on the north side are clumps of dwarf rhododendrons, not the trees so familiar in Simla, but shrubs exactly like those in English gardens. The trees in the forest are covered with moss and lichen, and at the highest point seem to wear perfect great-coats, as if they felt the cold. There are a great many of the long strings of lichen called old man's beard. These are often three or four yards in length, and are caught up in festoons from branch to branch until the solitude of the forest seems like the ribbon counter in a London shop. Snow, or rather hail, is lying crisp and hard everywhere except in the direct rays of the sun, although it is only the middle of October. But the pink-tipped maidenhair fronds seem none the worse for it. It was here that a baboo holding out a white handful of snow remarked, "This, Sir, is the only real cure for cholera!" Doubtless if the patient can either climb to the snow, or wait till it is brought to him, his case will not end fatally! The Jalori Pass is a great place for monal and tragopan, the largest and handsomest of the Himalayan pheasants, the latter somewhat resembling the Argus. Other varieties such as the koklas, and kalidj are also found. The cock monal does not gain his brilliant purple and green plumage until

his third year. The younger birds are of quite a sober brown like the hens. The tragopan too, when full-grown is much more gorgeous than in his youth, having a great deal of scarlet about his head and in the eyes on his feathers. •

On leaving the pass, the path follows the right hand spur, and descends to Jibi in rather a steeper slope than it ascended from Kot. There is a short cut across the pass from a little below the top but it is very much steeper, and not suitable for ponies. About two miles down, where a small shelter hut is seen a little to the right, there is a pleasant spot to rest, and the little stream close by is the only water to be met with for some distance along the road. The path now begins a long series of zig-zags, and as it nears Jibi the turns are extremely steep and slippery as they lead down to some of the small streams that have to be crossed, and the corners before crossing the Gyagi bridge to the 85th mile stone are especially bad. When the new road is completed this hilly path will be abandoned for a better one. After this bridge over the Chata the path improves as far as the village of Rashala. It then becomes a series of hills until it turns into the bungalow compound at Jibi.

Jibi rest-house is situated close to a temple of	
<b>Jibi to Manglaur</b>	the open pattern which is
<b>9½ miles, 6000 ft.</b>	merely a wooden roof sup-
<b>m. 85-4</b>	

ported by pillars over a platform. The existence of the bungalow is rather resented by the worshippers, as it has been built on what is known as "the god's dancing-ground". However it has been there for many years now, without being more cursed than any other dak bungalow, and when the new road up the Ani valley is made, the rest-house will be needed at another point, so perhaps the Kulu gods may once more frolic on the green at Jibi, undisturbed by the presence of the interloping stranger. There are two rooms in the bungalow, and there is plenty of space for tents. Supplies are to be had. The valley here is very pretty, and it is said that several photographic competitions have been won by pictures taken at Jibi, but the particular tree that used to lend itself so happily to composition is, alas, now cut down.

On starting for Manglaur the road begins to descend, crossing the Jalori Gad by a wooden bridge and continuing downhill with little change for the whole march. At the first mile the village of Banjar is passed, a quaint spot with a post office and a few shops. On the hill side just beyond it quantities of lovely gentians are to be found. They are of rather a lighter blue than European ones, but have one great advantage in the superior length of their stalks, which makes them much easier to gather and arrange than are the stumpy



sapphire blossoms of Switzerland. A mile below Banjar the Tirthan is crossed by the Kundan bridge the first of the many cantalever bridges to be met with in Kulu. These bridges are very well adapted to such a country as this, where rivers and pine-trees are both plentiful. Described briefly, they are constructed of whole trunks of trees built in successive tiers into embankments of stone on either side of the river. The tiers slant upwards, each projecting further across the river than the one below it, and supporting at its extremity a cross beam which acts as a prop for the logs above it. The roadway is formed by long beams laid across the gap between the projecting extremities of the highest tier on either side, and covered with planks. The number of tiers on each side ranges from two upwards, according to the width of span required.

The path to the right from Kundun bridge leads up to the Basleo Pass, (11,000 ft.) on to Sarhan on the second march, and to either Rampur or Nirmand on the third. The road is steep and rough, but is passable for mules.

At the Basleo Pass, the hill people won a great victory over the Sikhs in 1840.

Another interesting place in Seoraj (nearly opposite Rampur) is Nirmand, where there is a famous temple to the goddess Ambka and a great

feast is held in her honour every twelve years. The figure of this goddess is said to have been presented to the Nirmand people by the legendary hero, Paras Ram, at the time when he endowed the Brahmins with certain villages in expiation of his murder of his mother. As the time of the festival draws near pilgrims flock to the little village, and on the appointed day the temple, always closely shut up except at this feast, is opened, and blind-folded priests grope their way in, bringing out the goddess and anything else that they happen to touch. An axe purporting to have belonged to Paras Ram, is one of the treasures. The goddess is placed in the upper story of the temple, and is said to perspire daily. She is constantly washed, and the water is given to devotees who consider it very sacred. Every day for a month 40 lbs of spices are burnt before her, and then comes the curious ceremony when a man slides down a rope specially made by himself, which is slung over a high cliff. When he touches the ground below the moment has come for Ambka to go into retreat again. She is carried back into her temple with water, food, a lamp, and all that was brought out with her, and—a curious little touch of realism—a toothbrush for each day of the ensuing twelve years. A less-elaborate ceremony takes place every three years, but the temple is not opened. The next year for

the great festival is 1916.

But to return to the Jibi-Manglaur route. Shortly after crossing the Tirthan the road goes through the village of Neghi, and after re-crossing the river, now reinforced by the Jalori Nadi, it reaches the village and bungalow of Manglaur.

The bungalow at Manglaur is not very well situated, being shut in and without any view, though the surroundings are beautiful. Supplies can be had, and there is a camping-ground.

On starting for this march the Bah river is  
**Manglaur to Larji** crossed by a wooden bridge,  
**9 miles** (a *jhula* or rope bridge, be-  
**Post Office,** ing also there, in case of  
**3770 ft., mile 95.** flood or earthquake damaging  
the other), and the road enters Mandi territory. The expense of keeping up this road is, however, borne by the British Government, as it used to get into a very bad condition owing to the incessant landslips, and there were constant accidents and complaints in consequence. All along this march the frightful damage done by the earthquake of 1905—"the Dharmsala earthquake"—is very apparent. Whole hillsides carrying with them the roadway slid down into the Tirthan, blocking up and completely changing the level of its bed. Some of the avalanches of loose soil and stones went on sliding and crumbling for two years,

before they came to rest. In one place, where the path now makes a great curve inwards and away from the stream, it used to go straight across at the present level of the river, and so greatly has the configuration of this valley been altered that a cutting actually in the water is pointed out as part of the old road, which used to be 50 feet above the river bed. Even now, opposite this spot, a kind of haze of dust is seen to rise almost like smoke. This is caused by the incessant falling of the hillside, gradually crumbling away into powder. The difficulty of clearing and re-aligning this path must have been enormous and even now its stability is by no means assured, in spite of the efforts of Mr. W. Donald, to whom Kulu owes a great debt in the matter of its roads. A little beyond the hundredth mile from Simla a cantalever bridge is crossed, and we are again in British territory. Just beyond is a deserted temple in a little grove of trees, one of the few comfortable picnic spots on this march. Two miles further and Larji is reached. The road during the whole march is close to the Tirthan, first on one side, then on the other, and the scenery is very fine, though not wooded. In the deep green pools under the cliffs large fish may be seen—barbel chiefly—and in the gullies which run into the main valley wild pigeons nest in numbers. The water is sparkling and, in

autumn, absolutely clear, and as it descends in a series of rapids and pools the rich blues and greens in deep and shady corners are most beautiful. The path is very good, and is a gentle slope downwards almost all the way—a delightful walk or ride, though the total absence of any protection along the edge of the khud rather reduces the pleasure of the latter to nervous people.

At Larji the Sainj river joins the Tirthan. The mountain overlooking the place is Rungal and Mr. Calvert, writing in 1873, promises a quarry of serpentine, or *verde antique*, to those who will search for it here, but the hill seems too precipitous for systematic exploration.

Larji is a beautiful spot in the angle between

<b>Larji to Bajaura</b>	the Tirthan and the Sainj,
<b>11½ miles, 3100 ft.</b>	the ceaseless roar of whose
<b>m. 102-6</b>	torrents is almost deafening.

There is a two-roomed bungalow and a large camping ground with trees about it and the usual supplies are available. The hills on every side seem almost to overhang, so near, steep and lofty are they. There is a beautiful walk up the Sainj valley by a path up the right bank starting from the suspension bridge, but after a short distance it becomes very difficult. This same bridge, a hundred yards above the bungalow, is crossed on starting for Bajaura, and the path then rounds a cliff

and enters the valley of the Beas, not a furlong below the junction of the Tirthan and Sainj. The scenery of the gorge where the Beas, after receiving the waters of these rivers turns abruptly into Mandi territory, is magnificent, but there are at present no means of exploring it except by crossing and re-crossing the river on mussocks, walking past the rapids on whichever side the towering cliff does not drop perpendicularly to the water, and then re-embarking to pass the smooth wall of rock and to find the next foothold, which may be, as likely as not, on the opposite side. It is up this gorge that there is a project of making a road from Mandi, cutting through the solid rock as required. When the road is completed, this spot should be known as one of the most wonderful gorges in the world. Even the entrance to it is marvellous. It seems incredible at first sight that the great green mass of water rolling down towards it from both sides can be squeezed into such a narrow space between those mighty cliffs, and disappear so suddenly in the mysterious depths beyond.

We are now fairly in the Kulu valley itself and the "Blue Beas" will not be out of sight until its source in the Rohtang Pass at the other end of the country is reached. The path is very good and level all the way on this march. About two miles further on Ootbehali suspension bridge is reached,

and we cross once more into Mandi. The hills all along here are full of ghoral and kakur, and though very hard to see, they may, if once caught sight of, be shot from across the river. About mile 108 the valley suddenly widens out, the hills instead of hemming the river into a narrow gorge, are now a couple miles or so apart and the scenery of the country changes from mountains to corn-fields and thriving farms. The road becomes a grassy lane between trees, and the absence of khud on either side is a delightful relief. Ponies show their joy at getting back to safe and ordinary roads by an unwonted liveliness and on the smooth turfy track need not be denied a gallop, a luxury long unknown.

At mile 114 Bajaura is reached. Here there is a dak bungalow and encamping ground and a large village with Post and Telegraph Office. This bungalow has a khansamah and other servants, and at Bajaura supplies are plentiful.

**Bajaura.** Just opposite the dak bungalow is the Garh Estate, Colonel Rennick's house, with its large orchard, the fruit of which is so well known in Simla and elsewhere. What is not sent to market as fresh fruit is preserved in various ways—the apple and pear rings being especially good. The amount of baskets and parcels despatched from the orchard is amazing, over 17,000 V. P. P. parcels

being the yearly out-put. A new venture, is the manufacture of dried potato meal. This is most excellent, and should have a great future before it. About half a mile east of the dak bungalow, between it and the Beas, stands a temple, the finest of its type in all Kulu, and worthy of close attention. It was built when Jaggat Singh in the 17th century popularised the worship of Vishnu in this country, and he must have imported the most skilled artist he could find for this little gem. The design is purely Hindu. The building is square, but for the re-entrant corners, which make it like a Greek cross with very short arms. It is crowned by a dome, the carved stones composing it gradually curving inwards till a large circular stone with deeply toothed edges closes the top. This temple has suffered sadly from earthquakes, and though it was not thrown down, great chasms now appear in the walls, the niches are out of the perpendicular, some of the stones are twisted round and half the coping stone is lying on the ground. Nor has earthquake been its only enemy. When hostile armies overran Kulu, the gods of the conquered country were treated with scant respect, and wherever possible the faces and any projecting points in the statues have been smashed. On three sides of the temple are recesses containing sculptured slabs, the fourth side being occupied by the



doorway. In the recess on the west stands the figure of Lachmi Narayan, erect and dignified, holding in the hands the attributes of deity, the lotus, sceptre, wheel, and snake—the latter much broken. The proportions and attitude of the figure are excellent, and the drapery and jewel-work most delicate. The artist, in representing the god in the form demanded by convention, has skilfully subordinated the second pair of arms to the front pair so that the figure is not a deformity, but depends for the expression of power and majesty on the same qualities that we find in Greek statues, instead of on an abnormal number of heads and hands. Two beautiful supporters, gods or devotees, stand at his feet, and remind one strangely of the angels at the foot of some of Botticelli's pictures, as do the cherub-like figures flying overhead, the emblem of Brahma.

On the north the recess is devoted to Kali, and here again this great artist shows his power in avoiding the usual grotesqueness of the subject, while representing all the salient points demanded by the ignorant worshippers. The goddess stands in a fighting attitude, her legs sheathed in close-fitting mail, trampling her foes underfoot, and brandishing an armoury of weapons—bow, arrow, sword, and torch, while one hand grasps the hair of the wretch who is being transfixed by the trident.

Here again the extra arms do not detract from the action of the figure. In the usual representations of Kali the six arms all start from the elbow joints and are equally prominent; the whole effect is absurd, and resembles nothing so much as a pen-knife with three blades open at different angles. In the Bajaura Kali the arms come from the shoulders and the abnormal ones are in lower relief than the principal pair, so that they merely become a background, and the weapons in the hands are purely decorative. A much-defaced animal lies under the feet, in a crushed and defeated attitude. The look of energy and movement in the floating drapery is beautifully apparent, and thoroughly in keeping with the general spirit of this panel.

On the south side of the temple we find Ganesh, the elephant god, and on the east is the door of the temple, opening into a small square chamber, where the usual stone like head of a post represents the god Shiva. On each side of the entrance is a very beautiful panel of Bhagvati with devotees, carved by the same hand, and in the same dark marble or fine stone as the other panels.

The general decoration is most elaborate and beautiful, (nearly every stone having some work upon it,) simplified as it gets higher up the temple into a series of projecting ledges, which break up the surface of the dome very happily. There is a

great deal of fine work in the angles at the corners, a vase with tracery on it and surrounded with foliage, being repeated many times. The full height of the temple is about thirty feet.

A little further towards the river are the remains of another older and ruder temple, but nothing is left by earthquakes but broken pieces of sculptured stone among heaps of ruins.

The road from Bajaura is a beautiful level shady lane between trees for practically the whole way. The river widens out, and the fertile valley through which it flows becomes quite a plain, bounded on east and west by the mountain ranges which have receded several miles from each other. Two and a half miles from Bajaura is the village of Shumshi, where the numerous fakirs and pilgrims going up the Parbatti valley to Manikaran cross the Beas by the Duff-Dunbar bridge. The original bridge was the gift to the valley of a Mr. Duff-Dunbar who was forest officer in Kulu many years ago, and was intended to be a memorial of his name. It was long famous as the only iron bridge in Kulu. In the earthquake of 1905 this structure was wrecked owing to the collapse of the stone pillars over which the suspension wires passed. It has since been rebuilt.

**Bajaura to Sultanpur**  
**9 miles, P. O., T. O.**  
**3591 feet.**  
**miles 114.**

The country between Bajaura and Kulu, (as the inhabitants often call Sultanpur, the capital of the subdivision,) is devoted to cornfields, and except at Bajaura itself there do not seem to be any orchards, most of which are higher up the valley. Sultanpur is approached through a spacious maidan of close turf, with avenues of splendid trees. It seems impossible to believe that this is, after all, a mere common, so much does it remind one of some beautiful well kept park. At the north side stands the dak bungalow. It has several rooms and a staff of servants including a khansamali. Supplies are to be had, and in the town are several grocers' shops where English stores may be bought. Anything likely to run short in the stock of provisions should be renewed here, as this is the only place where such things are to be got, nearer than Simla. It is as well to consider too whether a dhobi is not needed, as he can be found here, and if one is going up the valley and back, clothes can be left with him. On the Kulu maidan a great fair is held yearly in September or October, and at it much of the trade of the country is carried on. Ponies are brought in from Spiti and Yarkand, puttoo, which has been laboriously woven in many homes during the past year, finds a market, and even the silver ornaments and quaint jewellery worn by Kulu women, generally so hard to buy, can be obtained.

But this fair is not merely for commercial purposes, or even for amusement, it is a great religious festival resembling in some respect the *Dussehra* of other parts of India. From many a village the local deity is brought to visit the god Rugonath-ji at Sultanpur, with much petty pomp and elaborate ceremonial. On the first day of the fair the priests at Sultanpur prepare the *rath*—a large wooden car, decorated with tinsel, flowers, and coloured hangings, and place the little golden figure of Rugonath-ji in it on the seat of honour. The other gods are then brought up to the sound of music and tom-toms and arranged near, and all the leading men of the country, headed by the Rai of Rupri who is the representative of the old line of sovereigns of Kulu, walk three times round the car, amid the blare of trumpets and the rattle of tom-toms. Then ropes are attached and seized by the multitude, and the great car on its solid wooden wheels is drawn across the plain, followed by all the lesser gods borne by their people, to a tent in which Rugonath-ji takes up his residence for the period of the fair. The festival lasts about a week, and on the last day this same ceremony is repeated, but the car is pulled from near Rugonath-ji's tent to where the maidan ends above the river bank, a buffalo is sacrificed, and a bonfire lit to commemorate the burning of Lanka, the ancient name for Ceylon.

This fire marks the end of the fair, and the multitude on the maidan disperses to the utmost ends of Kulu.

The gods of Kulu are often landed proprietors, and much of the fruitful ground of the valley is in the hands of their tenants and attendants. The property of the gods is managed for them by agents, the tenants being obliged, in part payment of their rent, to carry their landlords on their journeyings. In cases of legal difficulties, a god can actually institute a civil suit, or have one brought against him—deota Jamdaggan through his agent Tulu v. his tenant Mani Ram—and it is reported that a god has even been shut up in prison for a night by his adherents, when his conduct was not giving satisfaction! It must be added that this was an arbitrary action not sanctioned by the administrator of the British law!

The gods are supposed to have relationships and friendships among themselves—thus the Prini goddess is the sister of Jamlu at Malana—and a visit will be paid by the goddess of one village to her relative who receives the homage of another. The traveller through Kulu may often meet a cheery party carrying their god to pay his respects to a neighbour, accompanied by musicians playing on weird stringed instruments and trumpets of amazing length and curliness!

**Rugonath-ji.**—No description of Kulu could be complete without giving some account of the god Rugonath-ji, long in theory the ruler of the country. This idol, if all tales be true, is far more ancient than the time of Juggat Singh who brought it here about 1650, as it was long before that an object of worship in Ajodhya, (Oudh) one of the great sacred cities of the Hindus. To go back to mythological times when Rugonath or Rama reigned there as a mighty king and conqueror, he made an image of himself and left it to reign in his stead while he was absent with his armies. This image is the small golden figure now so deeply venerated at Sultanpur. Besides Rugonath, the temple possesses another god, Narsingh, represented by a small round black head, about the size of a plum, with no body whatever.

The Sultanpur temple is disappointing in appearance, being in a inconspicuous position, and having no good carving or anything remarkable about it, but to watch the ceremony of worship of the gods is extremely interesting, especially as the priests are willing to talk about their charges and explain their histories as far as possible.

The temple is approached by crossing the Sarvari stream and going up the picturesque steps and paved way through the middle of the town. At the top a lane to the right leads straight on to

the temple, past the new palace that the Rai of Rupi is building to replace the former one destroyed in the great earthquake. First there is a long wooden verandah. The ceiling of this was once all fretted with red, blue, and gold, and must have been rather fine, but the earthquake has only spared a few yards of it. Passing through a doorway, we enter a courtyard, where arcades surround a square planted with trees and herbs. At the further side the gods have just been brought out from the gloomy door beyond and now the service begins. On a silver throne spread with silk cushions, and wearing a red and yellow striped skirt, reposes a small figure about six inches high encrusted with pearls. This little image is Rugonath. A smaller throne contains the quaint black poll of Narsingh, and Hanuman in full red skirts, sits on the floor. A priest kneels before the trio, and as he murmurs his *mantrams*, is engaged in arranging fresh garlands of flowers on and around the gods. The goblin-like Narsingh has a cap of golden narcissus, and a silver vase behind him holds a tall spray of the same flower. When all are in place, silver plates containing delicate little chapattis are brought, with a bowl of milk, and these are laid before the thrones. Then the curtain in front of the verandah is drawn to allow the gods to eat in privacy. The next ceremony is the sacrifice.



No life is taken, it is an offering of the fruits of the earth, with a little ghee, the clarified butter so dear to Hindus. A portable altar is placed on the verandah steps, the ghee is placed in a silver cup and melted, and with a spoon shaped like a hand the priest anoints the fire and proceeds to scatter on it all the other offerings—sesame, barley and rice, honey, camphor and other spices, and dried fruit, as he throws all these one by one on the altar he murmurs, "To thee we offer this, O ! Rugonath-ji !" This ceremony used to occupy a couple of hours, but "now they grow careless", explains a worshipper, and it is over in a few minutes. As the last flicker dies away, and all the offering is consumed, the curtain is withdrawn, and a priest lights a curious censer like a large silver cup, carrying on its edge eight small cups in each of which a wick is lighted. This is waved before Rugonath while a band of musicians who have assembled, suddenly burst forth into frantic horn-blowing and tom-tom-beating. There is nothing distinguishable in the way of a tune, and the noise is so great that it is a matter for thankfulness that it, too, is cut short by modern perfunctoriness. Then all the priests walk in a procession round the gods, reciting some well-known prayer in tones exactly the same as those in which Latin prayers are often said. This

concludes the service, and now the gods are divested of their garlands, which are given to the worshippers, and Narsingh is removed from his cushioned throne and washed in a bowl, he is then wrapped up in a square of red silk and put away inside the temple. The water in which he was bathed is now sacred, and oaths may be taken on it in a court of law. (In such an event the witness drinks, and prays that he may die within six months, if he swears falsely, and this oath is not taken lightly.) Rugonath is now removed from his throne and carried off too. The image is said to weigh sixty-six tolas, (about 2 lbs,) and is not pure gold, but contains some alloy. The priests say that the natural complexion of the god is red, but when he is particularly gratified he becomes white, and at times he shews anger, or foretells disaster, by turning black. These changes are said to take place constantly, scarcely a week passing without one. At the service attended by the writer he was said to be red, but seemed much the ordinary colour of a pale gold.

All this worship must have gone on in Ajodhya centuries ago, and when Juggat Singh was advised to abdicate his throne in favour of some deity, what could be more natural than that he should think of the famous figure of Rama or Rugonath, made by the god himself to occupy his own throne

in his absence, and that he should urge his emissaries, by fair means or foul, to return with this very image.

The story of this abdication is as follows. A curse had fallen upon Juggat Singh. A Brahmin of Kulu had a treasure—whether daughter or jewel is doubtful—which was coveted by the king. Rather than resign it, which he saw was inevitable, the Brahmin set fire to his house, and with all his family and possessions, perished in the flames. After this tragedy, for which Juggat Singh rightly felt himself responsible, he seemed to see, taste, and smell, blood everywhere. Even what he touched had a ghastly stickiness, and his guilty conscience allowed him no rest. Then it was that to remove the curse Rugonath was stolen from Oudh, and miraculously brought to Kulu where he was installed as ruler, Juggat Singh merely calling himself chief subject. A temple was built for him at Sultanpur, which now became the capital instead of Nagar, and in return for the gift of the kingdom of Kulu, the gods relieved the rajah of the curse.

Leave by the road past the post office if riding,	
<b>Sultanpur to</b>	or if on foot, by the shorter
<b>Nagar,</b>	way straight down to the
<b>13½ miles.</b>	bazaar, though it is some-
<b>P. O., T. O.</b>	what steep and rough. Both
<b>4100 feet.</b>	paths have bridges over the
<b>miles 123 from</b>	Survari. At first, though
<b>Simla.</b>	

shady, there is a great deal of dust, as the way lies near the bazaar and finally through part of it, but later on this becomes a very pleasant march. We follow the Beas closely all the way, but it often divides into exquisite little back-waters, where groves of beautiful alders and an undergrowth of lovely ferns combine to make a series of fairy-like pictures, and as we approach the upper end of the valley, the hills get higher and the snowy peak of Gaphan in far Lahoul seems to dominate the view.

Near Bandrole about six miles north of Sultanpur is the large orchard belonging to Captain Lee, whose fruit is so well known. Close to this the road goes along at the foot of a hill where a great landslide once took place, burying a whole village in its fall. There is a fairy-tale told of this catastrophe by the people of the district. One night, when the inhabitants of this ill-fated hamlet had gone to rest, an old woman appeared seeking shelter, but no one would rouse himself to attend to her. Finally she departed, and going down the hill came to the hut of a *dagi*, a low-caste man, who made her welcome. She then asked for a little milk, but the *dagi* explained that he was a poor man, and had no cow. "Look in the stable", said the visitor, and behold, there was a beautiful snow-white cow, which gave milk enough for the whole household! In the morning the old woman and the mys-

terious cow had both vanished, and the inhospitable village on the hill was buried under a huge land-slip. The visitor is said to have been the Spirit of the Mountain!

At  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles Aramgarh is passed, and about a mile further on a cantilever bridge crosses the Beas, here split into two branches. This road leads more directly to Nagar than the path by Katrain up the right bank of the river. It is rather hilly, but of excellent surface, and leads away from the river up to high ground, so that the view of the valley either up or down, is very fine. In this region most of the English families in Kulu have their houses. There are fine orchards at Raisan, and Dobi. The latter, Mr Donald's estate, has suffered terribly from floods, and has had half its garden washed away. It lies in the space between the Raisan bridge and Katrain. At Katrain twelve and a half miles from Sultanpur there is a bungalow with an encamping ground, but Nagar has no dak bungalow. However a very pretty little camping ground is to be found there by going straight up through the middle of the town to a little temple just beyond it.

✓ Nagar is thirteen and a half miles from Sultanpur by the Raisan bridge road. The castle itself is a splendid old pile, once a

Nagar.	
P. O., T. O.	
5780 ft.	

royal residence when Nagar was the capital of Kulu. The present building was erected by Juggat Singh, out of the ruins of a palace in which for sixty reigns the rajahs of Kulu had made their home. By the irony of fate this same rajah, to whom we are indebted for the foundation of the present castle, was the one to abandon Nagar and make a new capital at Sultanpur. The castle is built of dark stone, without mortar, and with solid beams of wood between every few courses of masonry. What remains of the original structure shows that the place was evidently built for defence, with few windows, and those very high and small. The main entrance was formerly to the north, but changes have taken place, and the castle is now approached by a modern staircase to the upper verandah in front and by the old back door on the other side. As the hill on which it stands slopes upwards very sharply, the third storey above the north entrance is at the same level as the open court-yard at the back, which in its turn opens into a second enclosure formerly used as a serai. These court-yards are both surrounded by wooden galleries, and are very picturesque. From the side of the castle, which stands 1000 feet above the Beas, there is a lovely view up and down the valley. The castle, which was in a very bad state of repair when handed over by the Sikhs in 1840, was restored

by Captain Hay the first representative of British rule, and later on was bought by Government as a residence for subsequent Assistant Commissioners. The upper storey contains the inhabited rooms which are large and comfortable. Small windows, thick walls, and solid-beamed roofs proclaim the original character of the building and the high west wall is still the same as when a wrongfully suspected rani in a fit of rage and despair, threw herself from an upper window and was miraculously changed, before reaching the ground, into the stone figure which still rests on the turf below.

One of the most picturesque points about Nagar, castle and town alike, is the character of the slate roofs; not the thin, purplish school-slate in prim rows that we are so familiar with, but slates of a dark stone, thick and slab like, and jumbled one over the other in apparent confusion. The roofs are very slightly gabled, and often run round a square, enclosing a courtyard. There is one on the big temple close to the castle which is a characteristic example. This temple-dome is of the Hindu type, with reliefs and carved work in profusion. Another similar temple is seen below the castle, but the prettiest, if least pretentious of all, is one more of the pagoda type a little above the village. This has its wooden roof in several tiers, edged

with a pretty spindle-like fringe under its eaves, and there is a beautiful little lawn of turf in front, where tents may be pitched close to a running stream, and near some splendid old trees. Yet another temple, on a fine site further up the hill, is reached by following the spur by a little path leading from near the upper corner of the castle. It boasts a car, like the *rath* at Sultanpur, and has medallion carvings of Brahma, Shiva and Vishnu on each side, and a pretty court with a square altar, in the middle of which is a flourishing bed of *tulsi*. The *pujari*, or attendant worshipper, of this temple is evidently a lover of flowers, for the plantations of marigolds, as well as jasmine and sacred herbs are most luxuriant. "The *thakur-log*,—the god-people like them!" he explains. In the ~~area~~ <sup>vicinity</sup> of the spur on which this temple stands, and the ~~area~~ <sup>vicinity</sup> to the north of it, lie the confused ~~beas~~ <sup>beas</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> which mark the site of Nagat in ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~series~~ <sup>series</sup>, where

About half a mile from the ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Commissioner running southwards from ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> success, to place called Birsh ~~Kur~~ <sup>Kur</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> yet another filled with ~~what~~ <sup>what</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> the Beas. Though each other in ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~great~~ <sup>great</sup> deal of broken water and are not ~~tem~~ <sup>tem</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> this river, yet there are ~~ous~~ <sup>ous</sup> ~~Kul~~ <sup>Kul</sup> ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> are ideal lurking ~~each~~ <sup>each</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> if the fish increase in size as ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> other places in India to which



rounded by as many wives as were burnt at his death. Some of the stones show as many as eighty female figures, a terrible holocaust indeed, while others have only two or three. A horse is often seen too, and presumably a steed was sacrificed at the death of its master. The largest stones are said to mean the longest reigns. Most of the sculptures are very crude. There are no inscriptions and there is little attempt at portraiture, but a few figures are fairly natural, and one or two have the eyes closed, as if in death. The wives are often depicted waving garlands and with the broadest of smiles on their quaint faces, as if exulting in the fate that permitted them to follow their lord and master even through the gates of a fiery death. Under British rule *suttee* has long been forbidden, but in quite modern times after a rajah's death his gorge was found with her throat cut, and the news of it was used in the funeral pyre. Custom dies and rough, as

But their beauty, by which this march may

At mile 21 Jaggat, one path crosses but now fallen in digress, as closely along the well worth while stopping to look at the one-storeyed building with rough the Beas, and carving. The sculptured and Jaggatsukh. decorated spandrils are very pretty, and by the to Sunda Devi a local deity. A small

The first part of this path, however, until it crosses the Beas at Kelat bridge, is steep and rough. The right bank may also be reached by a rather longer route by following the main road to Katrain until Nagar bridge is crossed, after which turning to the right, the road to Manali is level and easy. By this route the rough descent from Haripur is avoided. Kelat, a small village near the 19th milestone, has a hot spring, but it is not apparently considered either sacred or medicinal, though bathers are often to be seen in the little square open tank, enjoying a warm bath.

The other road, *via* Jaggatsukh, is very pretty, and has a fine view all along the valley, being about 1000 feet above the river most of the way. On leaving Nagar the path descends into the Chakki nullah, which has a fine waterfall on the way down. Above the bridge, which crosses the stream at the bottom, are the fish ponds. General Osborne and the Assi, on the path, are endeavouring, with every appearance, at a cultivate the trout which are reared in the space charm to the beautiful blue limestone elbowing there seems to be as closely as possible. These are an endless series of memorials of the numerous also many of which are nearly 150 tablets. On places for a rough effigy of the late chief, often they find of Buddhist tea-pot or urn, and sur-

they have been imported—sometimes having attained even to 17 lbs weight—the angling ought to be second to none.

Up this nullah lies the way to Malana, the curious village whose people, language and gods differ altogether from those of the rest of Kulu. The path is steep and difficult, and impossible for laden animals.

Haripur is a small hamlet, or cluster of farms, about two miles further on, near which the left hand path to Kelat should be taken if this route is chosen. The upper road is on the whole good, with many pleasant variations from wood to open country, and through many pretty villages with picturesque temples, and there is a fine tank with sculptured sides at Gojra beyond the twentieth mile-stone. The streams which flow into the Beas through deep gorges, rather an interruption to the smooth two-brook road, which is often extremely steep hard in places, winds and ascends their valleys.

There are two more: forgiveness!

**Nagar to Malana**—the former capital of Kulu, 12 miles, the former capital of Kulu, P. O., T. O. 6302 feet. It is at its temple, a

one goes along the foot of the mountain but effective

The former is more level, and the pillars and track diverging to the left at Haripur, dedicated miles from Nagar, is said to be very much the same

of the Hindu pattern, carved in stone, stands a little way behind the temple and contains a very fine stone panel of Kali and a *pindi* or round stone. This shrine is a little gem, and in excellent preservation from having been long safely buried and forgotten. The two temples are typical examples, one of the local Kulu type, and the other of the pure Hindu architecture said to have been introduced by Juggat Singh.

A mile or so beyond Jaggatsukh, the village of Prini lies up the hill to the right. This is the point at which the Hamta nullah is entered, and a glimpse of this splendid valley can be had. The road, if it can be called a road, is not passable for laden animals, and it is a considerable undertaking to enter Spiti. All supplies for five marches, including firewood, and the coolies' own food have to be carried as there are no villages or rest-houses. Two great passes, over 14,000 feet high, must be crossed—the Hamta and the Kunzam—not to speak of the Shigri glacier which many travellers describe as a formidable obstacle, often impassable without cutting steps in the ice. The scenery, however, is said to be magnificent, the summer flowers unrivalled, and Mr Calvert tells wonderful tales of the sapphires he found in these almost inaccessible glens, but, as he sagely adds, "You must know where to look for them." Probably they are not very ap-

parent to the chance comer whose knowledge of geology is limited! They are reported to be exhausted now.

At Manali the Beas is crossed by a bridge and
<b>Manali. P. O.</b> the Dak Bungalow is a few
6200 ft.                                  minutes beyond. There is a
25 miles from                      khansamah, who is obliging
Sultanpur.                          and helpful, and firewood,

grass, and supplies of the usual sort can be had.

About half a mile off, in the heavy pine-forest to the west, is the famous temple of Doongri, 600 years old and one of the largest of its type. It is 70 or 80 feet high. The roof has four storeys, with the top tier forming a sort of umbrella at the apex of the series. The main building is 46 ft. long by 28 feet broad and the doorways and decorations of the front lower storey are very elaborate and beautifully carved in dark wood. A frieze depicting a procession of elephants, tigers and mythical animals goes across the top of the verandah, with a sort of feast of the gods over the doorway, each god being seated cross legged on a chair or stool of some sort. The artist has finished the window and door frames with a really beautiful bit of scroll work in highest relief, with deep-cut leaf-work, in a style rather resembling Chinese carving. Groups of gods, devotees, and animals abound everywhere. A legend is told of this temple that the rajah who built

it was so pleased with the work that he vowed it should be unique, and ordered the sculptor's right hand to be cut off. Nothing daunted, this man of genius fled the country, and taught himself to carve with his left hand. Unwarned by experience, he built another temple at Triloknath in Chamba which even surpassed his former work. It was a fatal *chef d'œuvre* for the rajah here would take no risk of repetition, and cut off his head!

The Doongri temple is dedicated to a tiny goddess made of brass and only three inches high. She is Hurimba, who lived at the time of Paras Ram. Like many Kulu deities, she was a demon, and lived with a brother Tandi, beyond the Rohtang Pass. Bhim Sen, the Pandu, came with a mission to clear the land of demons. Having killed Tandi he picked up the little Hurimba and flung her away across hills and rivers till she fell at the spot where the temple now stands. Her hip struck the ground with great force, and the name of the temple, Doongri, is supposed to be derived from *dungya* the word for hip. Hurimba under the name of Hirma (a Kulu corruption of the Hindu name) has always been a most important deity, and is credited with appearing to the ancestor of the kings of Kulu and promising him the chieftainship of that country, which he, encouraged by the prophecy, eventually succeeded in obtaining.

The temple is closely shut up, but Harcourt describes the interior as being full of large rocks, with a rope hanging from the roof, where the dead bodies of victims used to be tied by the hands, to swing before the terrible little goddess. The two *dharmshalas* or *serais* for devotees close by, are falling into ruins, but are very picturesque. Perched on the sloping roof of the temple is an iron pigeon, and a image of the same bird is often seen on the roofs of other temples. It is difficult to get any explanation locally of such things—the people seem very ignorant of their own worship. A man on his way to work in the fields will stop at the closed door and salaam deeply to it. All he can say on being questioned about the pigeon is, that it is a bird—an iron bird—a *googhi*, or dove, but why it is there or whose attribute it is, he has evidently no idea.

It is worth while, if time allows, to see Manali itself, which lies about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles to the north-east, across the stream of the same name. Its temple, dedicated to Kali and Mono Rikkhi, is not very remarkable for its carvings, which are crude, but it is picturesque, and the same may be said for the surroundings, which would photograph well as a typical Kulu village. About  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles beyond this, on the right bank of the Beas is Gashal, with a temple containing a *pindi* or round stone under

an immense old tree, "Also a god", as the lambar-dar remarks. This place can also be reached by bridges across the Beas and its tributaries from the camping ground on the main road about two miles north of Manali, but though a pretty spot there is nothing very distinctive about it.

This is one of the finest marches in the Kulu valley, the scenery grows more and more magnificent as the upper end is approached. As we go along, the view of the peaks between Bara Banghal and Kulu to the west becomes clearer, and it is evident that what looked like a mere powdering of snow over them, is really a deep coating, the speckled effect in the distance being caused by the innumerable perpendicular rocks and cliffs on which the snow cannot rest. As the path gets further and further to the north, in which direction the hills slope, the snow gets whiter and whiter, and the Surunga nullah, with what looks like a glacier in it, is seen from near Pulchan, the solid white peak of Serai being further to the north.

The road from Manali to Rahla, considering the country through which it goes, is on the whole good. There are no very steep places, but the surface is often very rough and broken by rocks, and the khuds are sometimes of an alarming depth. On leaving Manali, one crosses the bridge to the



left bank of the river, and the path, as usual, winds along through trees close to the roaring torrent.

About a mile above Manali it is well worth while making a slight diversion to visit Bashist and see the sacred hot spring. The path which ascends to the right, will not do for ponies, but affords an easy scramble on foot along the hillside and up a series of rough steps for half a mile or so. In the middle of the village stands the temple of Vashista, whose sacred spring this is. Passing along the side of the temple and entering a narrow doorway we find ourselves in a small enclosure, fourteen feet long by twelve broad, and filled three feet deep with steaming hot water, which gushes out of a spring under a finely carved panel in the wall. There is a curious sulphurous smell everywhere, and odd feathery scraps of white scum float about, looking like some very low form of vegetable growth. It is quite a shock when one dips one's hand in the water, to find it too hot to bear for more than a moment, as, at any rate, it is in the little trough where the spring seems to rise. In the large tank it has cooled a little, but would still be a very hot bath. Hot or cold however, this is the sacred tank in which many devotees wash away the dirt of ages along with their sins, and certainly it is an excellent thing that it is so popu-

lar with fakirs. There is a very narrow ledge round the tank, and with much difficulty a photograph of the spring can be obtained, though it is rather a perilous proceeding, for the least slip would send the camera, if not the photographer as well, into three feet of scalding hot water !

The overflow goes from the sacred tank into another, where it is used for the ordinary purposes of the dhobi, and many puttoo blankets are there soused and trampled on, and at a still lower overflow the Bashist ladies may sometimes be seen shampooing their hair. The water has small bright bubbles rising through it in the large tank. It is certainly not boiling—its temperature there is said, to be 111°. It looks too uninviting to taste, and is said on analysis, to have no particular curative properties, though locally, of course, it has a reputation, and some visitors declare it has proved successful in cases of rheumatism. The Kulu people say it can remove goitre, (of which one sees many victims near these snow-fed streams,) if the patient is brought while the disease is in an early stage.

The temple of the saint close by is not a very imposing one, but through the open door his figure can be seen. It is a dark brown statue of wood, with sharp cornered silver eyes much too large for the face. He wears a real *puggaree* adorned with flowers, and real drapery, but the sacred thread across his body

and the lotus in his hand, are carved. A stream of cold water flows from his feet, and it seems odd that the temple should not have been placed where the hot spring rises, instead of a few feet away.

The legend is that Vashista, weary of life, bound his hands and feet and threw himself into the Beas, which shrank in horror from causing the death of such a holy man, and bursting his bonds left him high and dry. Harcourt explains this as a myth referring to the time when possibly the Beas once formed a great lake above Manali. Bursting through the gneiss rocks near that place, it escaped into the valley, and the sacred hot spring, hitherto swallowed up by the river, was left exposed. Henceforward the Beas was called in Sanskrit, Vipasa, the Boundless.

There is another temple in Bashist to Sita Ram, who is also shewn at a respectful distance through the door. He appears to be a small brass figure of a few inches high. On the remark that the god is very small, the *pujari* responds deprecatingly "Yes, small, but very *fat*," and truly the little person is as broad as he is long! A large solid car outside is intended for his use during the Dussehrā, when many Kulu gods take the air. Vashista however, as becomes an ascetic, never leaves his house. The view of the snows, from this upper temple, with the picturesque village in the foreground, is very fine,

and an additional attraction in Bashist is the swarm of pretty little children who hang about in crowds shyly taking stock of the stranger.

A rough path of about a mile long leads back to the main road which it reaches at a point higher up the valley than where the path to Bashist left it, at an open glade just opposite the bridge to Gashal. After the twenty-sixth mile-stone is passed the path goes along under some immense cliffs, smooth and perpendicular, and from this point onwards the grandeur of the scenery is not to be described. About the twenty-eighth mile from Kulu the Beas is joined by the Beas Kund or Solung, a tributary larger than the Beas itself which drains the angle formed by the Bara Banghal range and the mountains to the west of the Rohtang pass. It rises at the foot of a peak 20,000 feet high, and its course is only 13 miles, but it has made good use of its time for it is already a fine river, and its valley is said to surpass that of the Beas in grandeur. It has only one village in it, near which is the largest deodar in Kulu.

On the right, just opposite this point, is the village of Kolung which has a quaint hut-like temple to the Kulu deity Jamlu or Jamdaggan of whom, however, there is no image here or elsewhere. The village looking down the valley above this junction of the rivers is Pulcha, a

very pretty spot and here the path again crosses the Beas and with the river turns sharply to the right. A mile further up the little village of Koti may be reached by a bridge across the gorge. The stream now disappears in a chasm so deep, dark, and narrow that it seems a mere crack in the ground, the trees on its sides overhanging till they meet, making a subterranean passage more than 100 feet deep, though in many places not twenty feet wide from cliff to cliff. For three hundred yards the stream roars unseen through these rocks. Then the path re-crosses it by a high, narrow bridge, and we enter on one of those beautiful grassy uplands studded with trees that seem to herald the vicinity of a pass. One is reminded of the road between the Jalori Pass and Jibi, which has just such another open hillside, a place of rest and ease before or after strenuous toil.

From the height of 10,000 feet and upwards these open grassy uplands and the sheep pens near them are called *taches* and are found here and there in the forests all over the higher hills. They are much valued for grazing and are more or less appropriated by different villages for their flocks. The people often do not know the names of the barren snow-peaks, (supposing they have names) but if pressed, will generally name a *tach* in the direction pointed out. Hence the difficulty of identifying hills, as

every villager questioned may refer to a different *tach*. In these open spots grows a small wild carrot which is the favourite food of the red bear. This taste is proving his undoing, for sportsmen watch for him in his feeding grounds, and sooner or later he falls a victim to some rifle. The number of red bears is diminishing very seriously owing to the incessant harassing of their favourite haunts. Certainly there is much inaccessible jungle where Bruin might lie secure, but as he must go where his food is to be found and so court death, it seems probable that at no distant date he will be counted among the extinct animals in Kulu.

A new rest-house is being built, on a beautiful site about half-a-mile south of the present bungalow at Rahla. Another mile or so of forest, and yet another crossing of the now tiny Beas, and Rahla is reached. The bungalow, with its two small rooms, stands in a sheltered spot at the foot of a great hill, its stables even more sheltered than itself behind the rocks, and though supplies are hard to get, it is a pleasant little place, if rather cold at times. Not far below is an encampment where mules and ponies, and hundreds of sheep on their way to and from the high pastures, are resting for the night. Animals from Lahoul and Ladakh generally carry loads of wool, puttoo, and other merchandise, and many of the sheep are burdened with two

small, heavy bags containing borax to be sold in Kulu and Mandi.

<p>At Rahla only a few miles more of Kulu remain  <b>Rahla to the</b>  <b>Rohtang Pass</b>  <b>5½ miles,</b>  <b>8500 ft.</b>  <b>31½ m. from</b>  <b>Sultanpur.</b></p>	<p>before its northern boundary is reached. One cannot say a few short miles though, as this march, with its climb of about 5,000 feet, seems as long as one three times its length on level ground. No doubt the practised mountaineer would smile at the idea of any hill which can be climbed by a path being otherwise than easy, but at all events it is so much stiffer than anything yet encountered on the route from Simla, that it is likely to prove trying to anyone not in the best of training.</p>
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Nor is the long pull up the only trouble to be faced. The Rohtang is a windy pass, and the wind has "an edge to it" which the coldest easterly gale off the North Sea cannot hope to rival. This breeze generally blows for a few hours twice a day, with a calm interval between. Though usually blowing down hill, there is no certainty in its movements, and it may blow north as well as south. It is, of course, desirable to cross the pass during the calm interval, otherwise the skin will probably be removed from the traveller's face, and his pleasure in the march reduced to a moment of extreme joy at its conclusion. Many people recommend a very

early ascent, both because the view is finest at day-break before the clouds roll up and obscure it, and because at certain times of the year that hour is free from wind. At other times however, the opposite holds good. Early in November the wind before dawn may be blowing a hurricane and tearing the shutters from the windows of the Rahla bungalow, and by ten o'clock the day may be calm and sunny, and the view from the top a few hours later, absolutely magnificent. It is wisest to enquire of the chokidar at Rahla, who knows the vagaries of the wind and weather, what will be the most favourable hour to start.

Besides these daily cold blasts, there is a more serious danger in the blizzards that may spring up at any hour of the day, or any day of the year, being in fact more frequent in summer than in winter. These storms have often taken travellers unawares, and are so overpowering, that in spite of the shortness of the danger zone on the pass, many people have been frozen to death and buried in the snow. On one occasion over four hundred coolies, who were returning from Lahoul at the end of October, were caught in the *bianna*, as this icy blast is called, and perished almost to a man.

The road from Rahla follows the spur, or rather mountain ridge, on the right bank of the Beas, now rapidly dwindling to a mere thread. It is



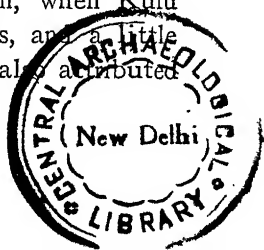
passable for mules or hill-ponies, but so rough as to be undesirable for bigger animals. The constant procession of sheep during many weeks tends to loosen and tumble down stones, and even if the path were clear of loose rocks it is so often merely a series of ledges in the solid stone that smoothness is not to be expected. .

Half a mile or so above the bungalow is a rock, under which live a colony of snakes looked upon as sacred. With a saucer of milk they may be tempted out, sometimes as many as a dozen being visible, but more often only two or three. They are probably rock snakes of a harmless variety.

About the 34th mile the road takes a sudden swerve to the left, and follows a cliff round a ravine down which flows a stream, freezing into gigantic icicles, which do not exceed ten feet in length only because they come in contact with the cliff again, and form solid pillars.

In winter this great chasm is filled with snow, and a perilous short-cut across the ravine can be taken while the snow bridges it. There is no great variety in the path itself, which has few really steep places, but the length of the climb is trying, especially near the top, where the height begins to tell perceptibly on the lungs. The views, however, as may be expected, are magnificent. First the tremendous sheer cliff near Rahla is most impressive,

but as we mount slowly to its level it becomes a mere detail in the foreground of the splendid view of the Bara Banghal range and the high white twin-peak to the right. Then the opposite direction claims attention. The huge snowy field and peak of Sagun across the Beas come in view and seem unapproachably high above us. By degrees however, we gradually draw up level with them and finally leave them behind, and the peak overhanging the Rohtang itself becomes the only height above us on that side. On the left the Shor mountain stretches up in great turfy slopes and pine-crowned cliffs, thickly sprinkled with snow and ending in a white cap like all the other heights. At about milestone  $36\frac{1}{2}$  the top of the pass, over 13,000 ft. in height, is reached, but there is no sharp crest as on the Jalori pass and about a mile of fairly level ground must be crossed to get a good view of the Lahoul mountains on the opposite side. Just at the highest point a little to the right is a small stone enclosure, which contains the tiny spring which is later to become the familiar Beas. This building, made sacred by the presence of Beas Rikhi the spirit of the spring, was erected by Lehna Singh, a general under Runjit Singh, when Kulu was overwhelmed by the Sikh troops, and a little hut lower down, now vanished, was also attributed to him.



A little further on along the level, one can see the splendid Gaphan among the mountains of Lahoul, and a ring of snow-peaks meets the view. But the most striking object is the great Sona-pani glacier, filling the opposite valley, and showing all its typical stages, the white solid river of ice, the stony moraine at the lower edge, and finally a wet, muddy looking expanse of glacier stream which feeds the Chandra river. This flows from east to west across Lahoul and later in its course becomes well known as the Chenab. In winter the Rohtang pass must be a strange and terrible place. Every day the whole mass of snow lying on its slopes and on the mile of level plain at its top shifts bodily from one side of the pass to the other and back again, under the force of the winter gales. The road is, of course, absolutely obliterated and the piercing cold of the wind blowing in intense frost, makes it impossible for anything to live in these icy heights. Though natives cross during favourable intervals all the year round, the pass is closed to the European traveller once the snow has fallen heavily, for no bribe will induce a coolie to carry a load across it then. The lambardars are forbidden to provide coolies for this pass, and for the Hamta, until the Assistant Commissioner has declared them open for traffic on the conclusion of the winter. This is usually about May 15th but may be later or earlier according to the condition of the pass.

It is worth while going on to mile stone  $37\frac{1}{4}$  where the path begins its actual downward slope to Koksir in Lahoul, to get a good view of the splendid panorama of snows across the Chandra. The crest of the pass is the northern boundary of Kulu, and here, among the glories of the snows, is an appropriate ending to a journey through one of the most beautiful countries in the world.

### THE PARBATTI VALLEY.

Of all the beautiful valleys in Kulu this is one of the most interesting. It may be reached either from Sultanpur or from Bajaura, but from the latter the first march is about five miles shorter than from the former.

Following the Sultanpur road for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles we arrive at the village of Shum-  
**Bajaura to Chung** shee and the Duff-Dunbar  
 $9\frac{1}{2}$  miles. bridge and across it to Bhuin,  
 the last place at which letters can be posted, as the correspondence of the valley is evidently not equal to supporting a dak-runner. From Bhuin the path follows the left bank of the river closely for about a mile to where the Beas is joined by the Parbatti, a fine tributary larger than the Beas itself. Now turning eastward, we begin to ascend the valley, by quite a good road, and another mile or so brings us into a magnificent gorge, with enormous cliffs ris-

ing on the opposite side of the river, and a glimpse of snow-capped peaks in the distance. The way is shaded with wild pear-trees and pomegranates, the latter even in this autumn season shewing a few sprays of scarlet blossom among the dried-up fruits. There are no milestones here, and distances are difficult to compute on these hilly paths, but about six miles from Bajaura, where the river turns at a right angle the road forks. The lower, which must have been much the easier way to Manikaran, is now destroyed half a march on, and the ascending path to Chung must be taken. Now follows a long succession of zig-zags, with some very steep and narrow corners, though as a whole the gradient is easy. When the hill is surmounted and the spur crossed, Chung is in sight about a mile ahead, and the road becomes broad and easy, and its turfy sides are delightfully covered with gentians.

Chung is a very picturesque spot, perched on the end of a spur, with just one pinnacle of crag beyond, on which stood an old fort, now, alas, a heap of ruins. There is no bungalow, but the usual village green round the temple provides a camping-ground; and grass, firewood, and certain supplies are obtainable, though it would not be safe to reckon on food supplies being always available—few fowls or eggs are to be had, and though sheep are cheap, yet a whole live one must be bought

if a mutton chop is wanted. The temple is a lovely old dark wood building, with a high flight of steps, on which children and goats seem to group themselves instinctively for a picture. The window spaces are very prettily shaped, and the front is covered with rude carving of an old date. One little panel has a monkey, perhaps Hanuman, smoking a hookah, and another has a fearsome beast said to represent a tiger, with another animal transfixed on its lower jaw. There are also pretty carved brackets to support the roof. Two or three large trees add to the beauty of the place, and the houses are also most picturesque, with carved wooden pillars under the verandahs. The view up the valley, especially from the top of the fort hill, is splendid, a vista of grand mountains on each side with glimpses of the deep blue-green waters of the Parbatti far below, and ending in a range of snow-peaks over 20,000 feet high.

The people of the place are very friendly, and do all they can to help the traveller, and in return ask for medicines for themselves and any ailing members of their families. It would be a kind act for anyone coming up this valley to bring a few simple remedies for fever, coughs, rheumatism, indigestion etc., and some antiseptic such as boric acid, both in powder and ointment, as they will certainly be asked for. Quinine is also much in demand, and

seems the only drug whose name is known. Many of them ask for medicine for eyes which are probably in want of spectacles, as there is nothing visibly wrong with them. It is hard to have to refuse help when they have such a touching faith in one's power to prescribe a remedy.

No one who takes any interest in dogs can fail to be struck with the good qualities of the big Himalayan sheep-dog, to be met with all over the country, but particularly in the Parbatti valley. They are very powerful animals with splendid bone, thick soft coats, and what a dog-fancier would describe as the straightest of "fronts" and the most perfect of legs and feet. The natives keep them in pairs, as two together are said to be able to kill a leopard, while one only insists on attempting it, with disastrous results. They usually wear very broad thick iron collars, often spiked, as a protection. In spite of their courage they seem to be most good tempered, and usually respond with a wag of the tail to a kind word,—unlike most shepherd's dogs which usually look upon any stranger as a sheep-stealer and treat him accordingly. At present they are of practically no value and a promising puppy can be had for twelve annas, but the breed only needs to be known to be appreciated, and if taken when young to the plains they are said to thrive as well as retrievers or other thick-coated dogs. The usual

colouring is black and tan, or yellow, but there is a very nice ivory white with buff points.

This is a very easy march, indeed, were it not  
**Chung to Jhari.** that it would be a pity to  
**7 miles.** rush through this beautiful

valley, it would be possible to go on to Manikaran without stopping. The road is wonderfully good, wide and generally level, with few bad places in it. The first village passed is Ramunkoti, and shortly after the road descends into a fine nullah. Then comes a bit of up-hill with some rather narrow places here and there, and then an easy three miles on to Jhari. Here the full view of Baranagh, the a great snow-mountain at the head of the valley seen over the pretty village, is wonderfully beautiful. This mountain with its delicate sharp pinnacles, blue against the snow-beds from which they rise, is even more striking during the next march as we get closer to it, but before the hills round Manikaran shut it out from view.

At Jhari itself there is a rest house, with two  
**Jhari.** excellent rooms and a camp-  
 ing-ground, a little below  
 the village. Grass, firewood, milk etc., are to be had. Just opposite rises a tremendous hill, almost all cliff up to its full height of 12,000 feet, with great white rents in its sides where whole spurs have broken off and rushed down in a torrent of



stone to the very depths of the river below. Between this hill and the next is seen a great nullah beyond which, though inaccessible to the European traveller from here, lies the curious village of Malana. The people of this isolated spot differ in many ways from the rest of the Kulu world, with whom they have few friendly dealings. They speak a language of their own, unintelligible to their neighbours, do not marry out of their own clan, have their own god, Jamlu, who does not do homage to Rugonath-ji at the Dussehra or pay him tribute like other Kulu gods. They claim to have been patronised by the Emperor Akbar, and possess a small golden image of an elephant said to have been presented by him.

Kulu men who visit the Malana festivals think it as well to propitiate the powerful god by offering little silver elephants or horses at his shrine. Jamlu, who seems to be one of the demon-gods, is sometimes said to be a Mohammedan. Needless to say there is but little foundation for this idea, which probably arises solely from the fact that the goats sacrificed to him have their throats cut as a Mohammedan does it when he *hallals* an animal. Curiously enough there is no image of Jamlu in Malana or elsewhere, but a huge rock far up among the inaccessible snow-peaks is pointed out as his house. The whole of the lower village is sacred,

and shoes may not be worn there. Ignorance of this has probably been the cause of Europeans in former times being mobbed and stoned when they attempted to enter Malana, but we live in less lawless times.

The Malana people are still much averse to any outside interference in their affairs, they never appear in a court of law if they can help it, and prefer to settle their quarrels by laying them before a council of eight jurymen, whose decisions are never disputed.

A certain amount of public charity is maintained in Malana, and any beggar who takes the trouble to climb there, is entitled to a blanket and a meal if he wants it, but owing to its inaccessible position this cannot be any great tax on the community, still it cannot be a poor village, as there are several temples and a good deal of land belonging to Jamlu elsewhere in Kulu, and these are all made to pay rent to the Malana god in grain. Once a year, for a whole month, almost the entire village goes off on its summer holidays, and quarters itself on the villages in Kulu containing land owned by Jamlu. Malana is accessible from Nagar by the Chandra khani pass, which is blocked by snow for some months every year. There are also ways from the Parbatti valley but all these are difficult journeys and impossible for horses.

The Jhari people claim that much sport is to be had in the hills near, ghoral, kakar, bear, and game birds of many kinds being plentiful. There are two or three shikaris at Jhari and Patla, the village just before Jhari, who speak intelligible Hindustani, and appear to know the hills well.

From Jhari the road begins to descend, and with

<p><b>Jhari</b> to <b>Manikaran.</b> <b>7½ miles.</b></p>	<p>a good many ups and downs arrives at the river's edge in less than three miles. Some of the nullahs to be crossed</p>
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have rather bad bits of rocky road, but on the whole the first part of this march is fairly good. About four miles on the hamlet of Kashol is reached, in a wide flat rocky maidan, through which a stream, crossed by a good bridge, flows down the nullah at the head of which stands the fine hill of Giranh, (marked Girauli in the map). After passing Kashol the path goes on through forests along the river bank, a rough and often narrow way, but the snow-peaks in front are splendid, especially Baranagh with its beautiful crest of spires. After passing the hamlet of Goje, one reaches a bridge across the Parbatti. This is an excellent bridge, but unfortunately the railings are only four feet apart, and while the mules laden with bedding can just manage to get across scraping their loads as they go along, a mule carrying solid and incompressible *yak-dans* is absolute-

ly stopped. It causes a good deal of delay to unload and carry the baggage across, especially as the wily mule, seeing all hands thus occupied, may take the opportunity to escape, and demand a long pursuit before he can be brought back to his work! Above this bridge the river comes down in a series of magnificent falls, but the road is rocky and bad, and contains at least one more place where, at an overhanging rock with the path broken away beneath it, another unloading and loading of the mules is necessary.

Just before reaching Manikaran, the river is crowded into an incredibly narrow space by two enormous rocks, perhaps not twelve feet apart at the water's level and even less above where they hang over towards each other. There are traces of an old bridge, but it is difficult to see where the path can have been, as the opposite side looks like a sheer cliff. After this point is passed the village comes in sight smothered in the vapour of its hot springs.

**Manikaran.**—Surely some people, who might otherwise have found their way to this interesting spot, must have been put off by the solitary remark accorded to Manikaran in the list of routes displayed in every dak bungalow in Kulu—"A dirty unhealthy place!" This is hard upon a village the great feature of which is public baths, and where a perpetual washing day seems to be in progress, and

if statistics shew it to be unhealthy, at all events the inhabitants seem to be cheerful enough, and clamour less for medicines than in any other village on the Parbatti. There is a two roomed rest-house at the upper end of the village, with a hot water tank inside. The ordinary supplies can be had.

At first sight Manikaran looks like some manufacturing town, full of smoke and with waste water escaping to the river. Then it becomes evident that the smoke is pure steam, rising in great clouds 30 or 40 feet into the air from the hottest of the springs, which are the first to be seen. It is quite difficult to get close down to the bubbling water, as the steam is so dense and the rocks wet and slippery, but a draught always blows up or down the valley, and by getting to the windward side a good view can be had. The hottest spring, the "cooking one" as they call it, is a pool about four or five feet in diameter in which the water is at boiling point. It is only a few yards from the river, and a second spring just below the principal one cannot be more than two feet above the snow-waters of the Parbatti. In these cauldrons the water is seen bubbling up in several places, one forming quite a jet of several inches in height. They are usually surrounded by people waiting while their food cooks, for the good folk here see no reason for spending money on firewood, when nature provides so

convenient a kitchen. Rice, potatoes, dhal, chapatties—any Hindu eatables may be boiled freely—but they object to meat being put in, (naturally enough, considering their views,) as it would contaminate the vegetarian dinners already there. There is a slight sulphurous smell, but the water is almost tasteless, and not at all unpleasant. A very fine film on the surface is said to be the sulphur, and is blown aside when taking water to fill cooking pots. Rice, etc., cooked in it tastes just the same as usual, and is not affected by the minerals in the water. The food can either be cooked in brass pots, which are placed on stones, so that the mouth remains just above water, or it may be tied up in a cloth, flung bodily in, and fished for with a stick at the proper time. One wonders if dinners are ever exchanged accidentally! A little above the large boiling spring is another which also cooks but it is at rather a lower temperature.

Beyond this first group of springs the village begins with a small rough temple, and between the first two or three houses the path is crossed by a channel under stones which leads into a ten-foot tank, constantly occupied by bathers. This water, though very hot, is of course not nearly boiling, and it has cooled a good deal since it left the spring. Other tanks a little further up are also supplied by this spring which rises just at the back of the

village, and seems the furthest from the river's edge.

These baths are said to be good for rheumatism and skin diseases, but Dr. Calthrop who analysed the water in 1876, declared that there was nothing in it likely to benefit these complaints. Some of the houses seem to have hot water laid on, as it can be seen escaping from rough pipes beneath them. One cannot get away from hot water in Manikaran, it permeates every corner, the air is warm and moist, and the puffs of steam that escape through the cracks in the drains are one of the most unnatural features of the place. The temples, of course, make capital out of the springs, and the Ram Chandra temple has one inside which used to throw a jet ten or twelve feet in height, and full of pebbles, but it has now dwindled to about two feet at most. The jet is kept covered by a revolving stone, which is turned away for a moment by a priest, when the water leaps up, but there is no sign of pebbles in it. There are several of the usual large tanks where pilgrims bathe in numbers. Manikaran possesses seven or eight temples, one of the Hindu domed type is said to be a replica of the famous shrine at Baijnath.

The place is full of fakirs, pilgrims, and devotees of all sorts, even including Buddhist lamas from Lahoul, who have a small temple of their own.

Some of these worshippers come from far distant parts of India to bathe and eat food cooked in the sacred waters. It seems curious that they should know of this place and others equally out of the way, such as Rewalsir in Mandi, and should come to them from so far off as the Deccan! One would not have expected their geographical knowledge to be so extensive. Can some enterprising Brahmin have published a "Fakirs' Guide-book", with a list of places of pilgrimage, directions for reaching them, and an account of the benefits to be derived from the journey?

It is difficult to arrive at the number of the springs, the people simply say there are many, but at least eight can be counted without difficulty, and there are probably more. Not a single spring of cold water exists. For that indispensable commodity the river is the only resource. Probably this accounts for the great number of people with goitres, as the Parbatti can only be a torrent of melted snow. A little above Manikaran a large stream, the Dharmganga, joins the Parbatti, and beyond the junction lies the last hot spring, about a mile from the first. The rocks over which the hottest water flows have a hard red or brown deposit on them, and as soon as it cools a little a green slime like weed appears. Evidently in course of time large banks of deposit have



been made on the river's edge, especially by the upper bathing springs, and these unattractive heaps certainly do look dirty and untidy. It is curious to see this water escaping through a tiny garden, where the vegetables seem none the worse for growing where they must be almost scalded. It is well that Manikaran has some artificial heat, for so deep and narrow is the valley that the winter sun only reaches it for two hours a day or less. From 11 to 1 o'clock (in November), its quaint old buildings are lit up delightfully and the real beauty of the place is apparent. but all too soon it retreats into the heavy shadow of the gigantic hill opposite and becomes dull and lifeless again.

The people of Manikaran are immensely proud of their hot springs, and much flattered at finding that an interest is taken in them, but it is not easy to discover what they believe to be their cause, or whether any old legends still survive about them. They prefer an attitude of dignified reserve on the subject of their origin, but eagerly agree to the suggestion that there must be fire deep under the earth to produce all this boiling water. The ancient legend is, that while the goddess Parbatti was bathing in the river with Mahadeo she laid her earrings—*manikarna*—on the bank, and on her return found they had been stolen. Great was the wrath of Mahadeo, and in terror the other gods in-

stituted a search, and found the thief to be the serpent Sesha, who had carried off the spoil to Patala, his mysterious kingdom underground. On being urged to restore what he had taken he haughtily refused, but as he snorted with rage, the earrings, which he had hidden in his nostrils, flew out, and returned to the goddess. It is through the openings they tore in the earth that the hot water has ever since flowed !

Beyond Manikaran the road ceases to be safe for ponies and mules. The first half mile is the worst. Here the path is a mere track up and down piles of flint thrown together in the form of rough flights of steps, very narrow and with a considerable drop to the river below. If this could be improved, the road beyond is no worse than that on the other side of Manikaran, indeed much of it is excellent.

The view up the valley from the first turn in the river is magnificent. The great Papidam fills the end of the vista with his snowy mass, Uchieh is seen perched on a ridge a couple of miles off, and Sharakundi, now coming into sight on the right, is a splendid snowy peak, though not high enough to have that peculiar solidity of white with blue shadows that marks out the real giants. It is at this turn that the river is joined from the left by the Dharmganga stream, which is split up

into many channels for the little water mills which abound. Now the path begins the climb to the Uchieh ridge. This valley is thickly populated, and villages are to be seen all over the hills. Lariga, on the other side of the Parbatti, is considerable and is reached by a wooden bridge. After passing through the little hamlet of Rashkhund, the path crosses a stream just where it ceases to be a waterfall of absolutely stupendous height. As far up as the eye can see the fall is still gleaming white, and it seems to rise at the very crest of the mountain. Its water is most excellent to drink, and there can be no fear of any contamination here! A little further on—about an hour's walk altogether from Manikaran, Uchieh is reached.

The great interest attaching to this little village is that just below it are the famous silver mines of Waziri Rupi—the "Silver Province." These have not been worked for many years, and attempts to revive them in the seventies and later ended in failure. The silver is there, but the cost of transport is too great to allow the mine to pay. One or two local men must be taken as guides if the mine is to be entered, and they will bring a torch, and a hammer or pick to extract a few specimens of the ore. Just below Uchieh the road is abandoned for a steep field, full in autumn, of old stalks of amaranth, which give way treacherously if one attempts to

hold on by them. From the edge of the khud a faint track goes down through long dry grass, in continual windings. It is not an easy path, and before each corner the coolie in front flings down a large stone to dislodge any casual bear which may be sleeping under the overhanging rock. The people declare this is a great haunt of the black bear. At last the path comes suddenly to an end above a sheer precipice where it overlooks a long reach of the river, here of the darkest green, and so deep and silent that it might be stagnant—a strange contrast to the foam of the rapids which ensue when the water has filled and overflowed this fearful pool.

Under the cliff at the side of the path is a small hole about two-and-a-half feet across, down which the advance-guard coolie hurls rocks and listens for any suspicious sound among the echoes, in case a bear has thought it a convenient place to lie up for the winter. This is the entrance to the famous silver mine. It is easy to see how the Kulu people, during the Sikh invasion, could hide their mines, a few sods of turf, or a large stone could obliterate all traces of the entrance. Creeping through, the shaft is seen to descend at a slope, a log with a few notches in it being used as a staircase, or rather as a sloping bridge, for it is laid across a deep gulf to a small bit of solid rock, which serves as a starting point for another log, and beyond that are at least

two more. One's natural fear of slipping is lessened by the fact that the vein or seam is so exceedingly narrow that it would be almost impossible to find room to fall down. The roof is very low, and progress in anything like a large brimmed hat is an impossibility. After traversing two log bridges there is a place high enough to stand up in, and a sort of by-way to the hollow space underneath. Here the torches show the white sides of the passage to be full of glittering particles of silver, sometimes in quite large crystal-shaped grains. The pick is now brought into play producing flashing sparks, and a strong smell of sulphur, and some pieces are, with difficulty, broken off. These fragments rattle down into the space below, and are collected there by one of the coolies. They are curiously heavy, and quite obviously of ore, not mere stone. The natives reject all the lighter bits, and sometimes pick out little square pieces of pure silver, glittering beautifully.

It is astonishing that this wealth is not worth making a decent road for, but the silver ore is of a poor quality and difficult to smelt, and the cost of labour and carriage is so great that it takes a rupee to produce twelve annas worth of pure metal. Still this may be only one of the silver-mines, and it is difficult to believe that all these mighty mountains do not contain many others which have not yet been exploited. Coming up the shaft to the light

of day with one's eyes dazzled by the sudden glare it is startling to find the khud not two feet away from the entrance. There would be no second chance for anyone who tried that descent!

Pulga, where there is a large forest bungalow, is about seven or eight miles from Manikaran, and the scenery there is said to be very fine. A march on from Pulga takes one right among the highest mountains, and beyond the hills that so often shut them out from view. But this entails entering a very cold region, and Pulga is the last place at which there is a bungalow. It is worth while going on a little beyond Uchieh to see the view, where the path begins to descend. Both up and down the valley it is absolutely magnificent, and it is with a feeling of regret that one begins to retrace one's steps towards the mouth of the valley and civilization. There is a possibility for a good climber of getting across into Spiti from the upper Parbatti valley, but such an expedition is too arduous for most casual wanderers in Kulu.

## KULU TO SIMLA.

*Viâ* MANDI.

The road rises at a very gentle slope for nine miles, there are no steep places, and it is a surprise to find that over 3,000 ft. of rise has been accomplished by the time the Dulchi Pass is reached. The road is broad and of good surface, and the moral support of a row of stones at the edge of the khud is very reassuring. The view looking back is fine. From Bajaura itself no snows are visible, but as the path rises above the level of the hills just across the Beas a splendid white range is seen behind them. The last few miles of the road are wooded, and at eight miles the Dulchi Pass is reached, a wedge-shaped cut in the ridge of the hill which marks the boundary of Kulu. The Kandi rest-house lies about half a mile further on, the road to it passing but not crossing the pass, and still keeping on the east side of the hill. It has two rooms and a camping-ground, but is known as a very cold spot, and most people do a

double march, reaching Kataula, eight miles further on, before stopping. Supplies can be had from the lambardar.

Though the bungalow is in Mandi the hill	
<b>Kandi to Kataula.</b>	opposite is in Kulu, up to
9 miles	the point where the road
6,700 feet	reaches the Dulchi pass. This
miles 23	is about half a mile from
<b>from Mandi.</b>	Kandi bungalow after which

a gentle descent begins by a broad and excellent road. About three miles further on, this road is abandoned in favour of a shorter way, and where the path forks, the right hand one must be taken. It is a fairly good road, though not so wide as the first. It winds through grassy hills, where numberless flocks of sheep and goats are grazing, and above a small stream which it follows to within a mile or so of Kataula, crossing it by a bridge just before its junction with the Tolda Nadi, and then keeping along the bank of the latter to Kataula. There is a very good bungalow with a khansamah who has been there for seventeen years, and supplies are to be had. It is a warm spot compared with Kandi or even Kulu. The village has a curious old tower, which looks like a wind-mill, but has no sign of sails. The people call it a temple to some local god. The autumn crop of fruit-blossom is very pretty, and on the whole, it is a pleasant little spot.



On leaving Kataula a small rather rough nullah  
**Kataula to Mandi** is crossed at the start, and  
**14 miles.** then a good and level road  
**3,000 feet.** runs along by the river for  
 about five miles, when it arrives at Ool bridge. The  
 Ool is a fine river, full of fish, and the scenery is  
 much prettier as the road comes in sight of its  
 winding curves and wooded banks. The bridge,  
 an iron girder one, is only a few years old, but has  
 been a most paying investment to the state on  
 account of the toll levied, though this is only two  
 annas for a horse, and two and a half annas for a  
 laden mule. After crossing a very long hill has to be  
 climbed, fully two miles of steady pull up to where  
 the road crosses the ridge. Here a path to the right  
 leads to Drang and on to Palampur, and the left-  
 hand of the fork begins a long downward slope which  
 does not cease until Mandi itself is reached. In the  
 first mile or two a disused salt quarry in the valley  
 opposite is a prominent object, full of curious grey  
 jagged points. The Mandi salt is indistinguishable  
 from stone, being grey and opaque, and having no-  
 thing salt-like about it except the taste. The Punjab  
 salt from Khewra, which is pink and semi-trans-  
 parent, is supposed to be a better article, but a great  
 trade is carried on in the grey

Mandi seems a great land for grazing, very few  
 forests being visible, only rolling grassy hills covered  
 with flocks as far as the eye can see.

Indeed it seems to be all hills when seen from the high ground near the passes, but they do not attain the dignity of mountains, and no snows are to be seen except a few patches to the north on the Kangra heights.

The roads are very good and so well engineered as to be almost monotonous in their steady slope down or up for miles at a time. Mandi itself comes in sight in the valley of the Beas long before it is reached, and the high-road to Palampur, full of traffic, is parallel to, though far below, the descending road from Kulu. At 14 miles the road enters Mandi where the river is crossed by a fine suspension bridge, built by the late rajah in 1877, and called the Empress Bridge, in honour of the late Queen's becoming Empress of India.

When this bridge was built, by an R. E. officer lent to the rajah, much interest was aroused, as the natives declared it was impossible to span the river. As a preliminary measure two wire ropes were stretched across, and a few planks laid down, to allow of the large suspension cables being passed over. At this point the engineer had to be absent for a few days, and on his return found the two ropes being used freely as a means of crossing the river, the people imagining that the work was finished and rather disappointed that the bridge was not well adapted for sheep!

There are innumerable temples in Māndi, all, very much of the same type. They are not large but well built of solid stone, with domed roofs and much carved work about the doorways and in their little courtyards. Many of them are dedicated to Shiva, and his bull Nanda, often life-size, is to be seen before temple-doors in every part of the town. A curious figure of Hanuman, cut in the solid rock and painted red, sprawls on the river-bank a little below the bridge, a large square canopy of striped cotton protecting him from the sun. The groups of domed temples with great flights of steps leading to the river are very picturesque, and while some are evidently very ancient, others are still in the hands of the workmen, as if Mandi was not yet satisfied with the number it possessed.

In the centre of the town is a fine market place, the Chauhatta at one end of which is a part of the Damdama palace, used as a kutcherry. In the older part of this building are the *toshakhana*, the armoury and the Mahdeo Rao temple. The idol in the latter is supposed to be the reigning monarch of Mandi. The temple is decorated on the outside with much bad modern painting of Hindu mythological subjects. Inside little is to be seen but a silver throne and rows of small gods.

The newest part of the palace is rather garish

with misapplied paint. In front is a very large square shallow tank with a good temple in one corner. In the middle of the water rises a pillar with a lamp on it, and under this pillar is buried the head of Pirthi Pal, a neighbouring rajah, who was invited to Mandi by his son-in-law, Rajah Sidh Sen, and treacherously beheaded.

Beyond this tank, on the Suket road, is a collection of memorial stones to former rajahs and such of their wives as became *sati*. The stones are mostly very tall narrow slabs, with the rajahs at the top and his wives, slaves, and horse below. The older slabs are much smaller and generally have a sort of flower, instead of portraits. It is said that many are crumbled away and buried, and the whole place is much neglected. The carving is better than that at Nagar, but the idea is the same, and the same sacred urn is seen in the hands of the figures.

In May 1909 the quiet little town of Mandi was enlivened by a threatened revolt, and peace was only restored by the arrival of a British force. In a native state, when the political party in power becomes unpopular, as there is no possibility of turning out the government by means of a general election, other methods of shewing want of confidence have to be resorted to. The usual custom is to make a *dum*, that is a sort of

strike when the people sit down and refuse to go on with the business of the country until their dissatisfaction is attended to. They abandon their work, and crowd to the capital, where they sit in sullen protest, a menace to the government, which generally finds it best to come to terms, the Deputy Commissioner or some other British official often being called in to help in re-establishing matters on a sound basis.

The usual crisis had occurred in Mandi, and a threatening mob was occupying the streets. All attempts at negotiation failed. The *wazir* was seized and imprisoned, and the rajah was becoming alarmed for his own safety. The usual stolid obstruction seemed to be giving way to more active hostility and a general revolt appeared imminent. The Assistant Commissioner and the small force of police brought in were unsuccessful in their endeavours to pacify the mob, and as a last resource it was decided that troops must be sent to the disaffected region. The 32nd Sikh Pioneers happened to be in Simla at the time and marched out *via* Jutogh, arriving a few days later at Mandi. But it is seldom that a rabble, however truculent, will stand up to disciplined and well armed troops. It does not take a knowledge of history to shew that the odds are greatly in favour of the latter, and the Mandi malcontents, like many others in similar

case, were prudent enough to refrain from resistance, and glad to be allowed to scatter to their homes at the mere sight of the gallant Pioneers. Having thus asserted his authority, the rajah soon after found a change of ministry desirable, and nothing could look more peaceful than Mandi at the present time.

The dak bungalow lies beyond the town on the south-west, close to the guest house and hospital, Leave to occupy it should be asked of the *wazir*. It has a large camping ground and supplies can be had. The post office adjoins it on the left hand side and the stream passing it on the other side is the Sukodi.

This march is on the Suket road all the way  
**Mandi to Galma** except for the last couple of  
 11 miles. miles, where a slight diver-  
 2991 feet. sion to the right is made to  
 reach Galma where there is a bungalow, and from which the Rewalsir Lake may be visited. There is a shorter but rougher way direct to Rewalsir from Mandi, up the Sukodi stream, but as there are no supplies to be had there it is better to go to Galma. Leaving Mandi by the Suket route it is a very pleasant ride along a delightful road, wide, smooth, shady, and often grassy. The Suketi, a fine river, flows close to the left hand, and men may be seen spearing fish in its shallow waters. The valley gradually becomes very wide and flat, and is full of

rice and cornfields. There are a few villages but no places of any note on the road. About eight miles out the Suketi, which is here very broad and only a few inches deep must be forded, and on the right bank the road forks, the left leading to Bhojpur (Suket) in another five miles and the right to Galma. The bungalow is in a lovely situation on the top of a grassy knoll, with beautiful views all round. The usual supplies are available.

Though this cannot be called an expedition  
**Galma to Rewalsir** without trouble or exertion,  
**Lake.** yet it is one that is well  
**about 9 miles** worth making both for the  
**by road, 5 or 6** natural beauty of the spot,  
**by foot path.** and for the many interesting

things to be seen there. From Galma there is a foot path straight up the spur behind the village, which leads in about five miles to the lake, but it is very hilly and not rideable. On horseback by the Bhamla road the going is excellent until the last three or four miles. On leaving the bungalow, the road descends to cross the river below the village by a good bridge, and then winds steadily upwards round all the spurs of the hills until Khalkhur, about four or five miles on, is reached. This is a pass, shewing a fine open valley beyond, and at this point a narrow and often very bad path turns off to the right towards Rewalsir. Though it may

not be all rideable, yet a horse fairly accustomed to the hills can be led down the worst places where the path becomes a rocky stair, and this is at all events, the best approach to take.

About  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hours from Khalkhur the last hill that shuts in the sacred spot is reached, and a quarter of a mile below the village, full of trees is seen. Here live a number of Brahmins, who do the honours of the place and have the firmest faith in its supernatural character. From the platform round a large pipal tree a charming glimpse of the lake is seen. If it had no saints, temples, or islands it would still be worth visiting as a most beautiful spot. It is about half a mile across, shut in by a ring of hills and surrounded by trees and tall reeds. There are lovely little openings here and there like small landing places, and temples half hidden round its borders. An enormous flock of wild duck swim confidently about, knowing that no sacrilegious gun will rouse the echoes of this peace-pool, and the steady clang of a bell every half-minute tells of the Buddhist temple in one corner where prayers are turned out by machinery, each stroke marking a revolution of the large prayer-wheel.

The floating islands are of course *the* feature of the lake. There are seven of them, dedicated to various deities:—Mahadeo, Parbatti, Rishi Lomas



etc, and there is no doubt that they do float, though, contrary to report, the priests do not claim any power to call these spirits from the vasty deep, but rather emphasize the fact that they move of their own will, and declare that even wind has no effect upon them, and twenty men cannot push them into motion when they are at rest.

Watch this mud-bank a few feet from the edge of the lake! It bears a crop of immensely tall reeds much entwined with convolvulus, and has apparently no specially interesting features. The Brahmins hasten to point it out as Parbatti, one of the seven sacred islands, and though it is now perfectly at rest, and gives no impression of being one of the wonders of Rewalsir, yet in a few minutes it may leave its moorings and drift out into the middle of the lake, spinning round as it goes, with increasing speed as it reaches the deeper water. The priests declare that the ground is perfectly solid and firm, as indeed it looks on Mahadeo, another and very popular island which happens to be close to the edge. Quite a fine tree is growing here, and the leafless branches, as well as many poles, are covered with innumerable gay flags. The Brahmins assert that the islands do not all drift to the same side of the lake in a gale, but that they are scattered round the edge, and do not sail as much as in calm weather.

There does not seem to be any trickery about them, but unless they could be examined carefully to see that they are not on rafts it would be difficult to be sure. There must be a great depth of soil to support trees and plants in such quantities, and if there is any deception it is very well done, as nothing can be more natural than the appearance of the islands—some thickly covered with reeds and grass, and others practically bare. Presumably they are masses of matted roots thick enough to support earth and plants, and just light enough not to sink, but it is not easy to see how they first came to be broken off from the edge and start their career as marvels. The Brahmins declare that they are as ancient as the time of Lomas, and that there are never more or less than the original seven. Of course most of these statements must be mere assertion, and the non-effect of the wind is probably a lie, but it is all the evidence that is forthcoming. Lomas Rishi was an early Hindu saint who lived at the corner of the lake where his temple now stands. He was fond of bathing in the Ganges and the Jumna, and to gratify him the gods made this lake of immense depth out of the water of both these rivers.

Besides the temple to Lomas there are two or three others to various Hindu gods. There is also a very interesting Buddhist temple, in the

hands of priests and lamas from Ladakh. Many of these curious devotees, both monks and nuns, are to be seen wandering about in dark red rags and twirling their prayer-wheels while they murmur the sacred formula, *om mani pudmi hom*. The nuns have shaved heads, not covered, and are as ugly and dirty a set as could be seen. The little prayer-wheels of copper embossed with sacred symbols, and kept spinning by the weight of a couple of heavy buttons on a string attached to the rim, are covetable, but no lama can be bribed to part with one. A wall along one side of the lake is thickly covered with the one Buddhist text beautifully carved by many visitors on hundreds of the stones. Merit is acquired by merely walking past them, and a round of the lake, going with the sun of course, is also of great value.

The temple is not interesting outside, being a new stone building with no pretensions to architecture, but inside there is a weird fascination about it. Looking in at the open door the first thing that strikes one is the wonderful array of lights. A sort of skeleton pyramid stands in the middle with hundreds of tiny brass lamps, and this is supplemented by a low table with many more and the golden blaze is wonderfully beautiful. An old woman tends them, taking away any that have

gone out, and sometimes saving a dying light by adding a little melted butter from another. Beyond the lights stands a gigantic vase, as large as a wash tub, full of butter for the lamps, and beyond this is a row of gods in niches, with curious parcels on shelves—perhaps their clothes—and many offerings of food in cups and plates. In one corner sits a dirty wretch pulling a rope which turns the gigantic prayer-wheel, about eight feet high, whose bell still keeps up its ceaseless clang. This wheel, like the small ones, is of embossed copper and brass, and looks a very fine piece of work. It is probably full of written out prayers considered to be uttered at every revolution.

This little corner of Thibet in Hindostan is as interesting in its way as the wonderful islands, though the latter present many knotty problems.

It is certainly strange that they do not run aground and settle down altogether at the shallow edges of the lake. Perhaps after all the Brahmins' protestations, one man with a boat-hook may be able to do something towards preserving the marvels of Rewalsir if such a catastrophe seems likely to happen !

On leaving Galma the road must be retraced for **Galma to Bhojpur** about two miles, as far as the **7 miles.** ford across the Suketi. Here a path is seen running southward through the flat

valley, and after crossing one small stream and two fairly wide ones, it reaches the main Mandi-Suket road at the milestone which marks six miles to the capital. The road is a smooth wide unmetalled one, very well kept and delightful for riding. The whole valley is under cultivation and there are many farms. This fertile part is known as the Balh.

After four miles Bhojpur is reached. This is the bazaar and commercial capital, Suket or Buned two miles further on containing the rajah's palace and being the seat of government. The telegraph office is at the latter, but both have post offices, and just beyond Bhojpur is a bungalow and camping-ground. Supplies may be had by sending written notice to the *wazir*, and coolies are similarly procured if required.

Bhojpur itself is not very interesting, but the bungalow is prettily situated, and as Suket is approached the road becomes a charming avenue between fine trees, and is kept well watered as the rajah likes to ride there. Beyond the gate of the palace the road is private, but it does not appear to go much further. At this point is the office of the prime minister, a curious contrast to Downing Street! There are said to be some temples in Suket, but its greatest attraction is the general beauty of the landscape.

At the north entrance to Bhojpur a road is seen on the left hand side. This crosses the hills to Tata-pani and Suni, and is a prettier route to Simla than the one *via* Bilaspur. (See Simla to Kulu *via* Basantpur).

On leaving Bhojpur the road towards Suket is **Bhojpur to Dihur.** followed for about a mile,

**P. O.** until a sign-post on the right

**11 miles.** hand side points the way to

Bilaspur. Crossing a small stream (bridged) and ascending the little hill beyond, we enter the valley of a river, the Mibani, flowing towards the Sutlej, and realize that the Beas valley is left behind. The road, a good one, descends gently for a couple of miles or more, and at last reaches the bed of this stream which it crosses four or five times. There is no bridge, but the water is very shallow, and there are stepping stones for foot passengers. At about nine miles the hill overlooking the Sutlej is reached, and a rather rough descent and yet another wading across the Mibani follows. Here the bungalow is seen, two miles away from Dihur itself, at the place when the ferry used to run, but now that the new suspension bridge just below the castle is finished, a bungalow is to be built there. At present it is better to camp near the castle, as supplies must be got in the village. The fort itself is in a beautiful situation on

the top of a rock, from whose sides the walls ascend to a great height. It is curious however to notice how little idea of protection to the surroundings there is about these old forts. There are no windows and scarcely a loop hole in the outer walls, nothing on which guns could be mounted, or from which musketry fire could be effective. One small door in an angle at the top of a very high, steep, and narrow flight of steps is the only means of entrance, and in fact the fort resembles a puzzle box in which it would be difficult for the enemy to find the garrison shut up in it, rather than a means of defending the village below. There is a courtyard inside with a number of well-like tanks for storing water, and up at the top is one room opening on to a little balcony towards the river from which there is a beautiful view. The people of the place do not know how old the building is, but comparing it with Nagar one would be inclined to think Dihur the older of the two. It is in good preservation and inhabited by a number of people. The suspension bridge below is the joint property of Suket and Bilaspur and is just finished. A toll is to be levied, but at present no arrangements have been made for it.

The Sutlej is crossed by the new suspension  
**Dihur to Bilaspur** bridge just below the fort,  
 11 miles. and the path at first turns

to the left for a quarter of a mile. This is the way to Namhul and the Simla route, but soon a turn to the right is seen which is the way to Bilaspur. The path is very rough and steep, up and down ceaseless hills for the first three miles after which it improves. The whole of the ground is a mass of large round river-worn stones, showing the enormous extent of the influence of the Sutlej, and there is a great deal of hard boulder clay with pebbles embedded in it. As the road leaves the river the surface becomes much better, and is often delightfully smooth and grassy, but at every nullah the pebbles and rocks reappear.

The neatness and cleanliness of the farms and villages in this state, Kahlur, is very remarkable. The white-wash on the cottages is snowy, and the surrounding space all carefully swept. No litter is allowed to accumulate near the houses and cattle sheds, and even the fields seem free from weeds, and everything is a pattern of tidiness. Sometimes not content with white-wash, the houses are finished with a coloured skirting and border to the windows, which gives them an odd toy-like air, especially as a favourite edging is of a bright magenta pink, more commonly seen in flannellette than in anything else!

About seven miles from Dihur, the road approaches the river again at the top of a cliff, where there is a splendid view both up stream and



down. The Sutlej is everywhere of the most exquisite blue-green colour, and the contrast with the banks, which are often of a curious purple-red clay, is very striking. The river is full of planks floating down from the upper waters to be reclaimed at Rupar.

Towards eight miles the road leaves the Sutlej and enters the valley of the Ullay, a fine stream joining the former just above Bilaspur. About one and half miles above the town the Ullay is crossed by stepping-stones, and then the way lies through the suburbs by shady lanes until the main bazaar is reached. Having passed through this, we come to a very large grassy maidan of splendid turf, with a polo ground in the middle. The palaces are seen across it, and the bungalow is reached by keeping along the right hand side to an arched gateway beyond which it stands. This is a new bungalow just built by the rajah for English visitors, and on application to the *wazir* permission may be obtained to stay there.

Bilaspur is not a show place, but the streets, though uncomfortably paved with round cobble stones, are very picturesque. There is a group of temples on the site of an older one with pillars, of which only stumps remain. The principal temple is to Mahadeo and Parbatti, who are in full view, much dressed up in real clothes. The town is well

up-to-date in its modern buildings, and the hospital, jail, and two large schools are all on the most approved plan. The great beauty of the place is the splendid expanse of maidan between the town and the palaces, and at sunset it is especially seen to advantage. There are several palaces, the principal one being built by the father of the present rajah, who spent enormous sums on the decoration of the throne room which is elaborately painted in a floral design, has a looking-glass mosaic ceiling, and an expensive background to the throne consisting of gold flowers on glass. Near this building is a fine hall built as a Jubilee Memorial. The work, which was entirely local, is very good, and the floor is a mosaic of black and white marble. The other palaces are inhabited by the ladies of the reigning family and are not open to visitors.

Probably the most remarkable event that ever happened in Bilaspur was the great flood of the Sutlej that once devastated the town. This happened in 1762. Early in November the great river, whose solid green volume of water, huge alike in breadth and depth, flows in a curve round the city, was seen to be suddenly diminishing to a mere trickle. This caused some alarm, and enquiries were made all up the river bed to discover the cause of this unnatural occurrence. The news came back that near Suni, some fifty miles off, a huge land-

slip had taken place; the shoulder of a mountain had slid down into the steep valley in which the river runs, and had completely choked it up. The river was forming a huge lake behind the dam, and it was evident that when the weight of the water should burst through the wall of fallen debris, a frightful inundation must ensue. Bilaspur, as the largest town on the river, and at a point where the bank was lowest, was likely to be the chief sufferer. The rajah or *wazir* of the time must have been a man of resource and action. He posted a succession of men with matchlocks, within hearing of each other, on the heights all the way from Bilaspur to the scene of the landslide, and being certain that a catastrophe was about to take place, also directed his efforts to clearing all portable property out of the town. One can imagine the difficulty there would be in convincing the inhabitants of this eighteenth century Sodom that their lives depended on abandoning their homes and betaking themselves to huts on the hillsides! For nearly six weeks the dam held, while the Spiti, the Baspa, and the Sutlej itself with many more tributaries continued to pour down their waters to the spot where half a mountain was trying conclusions with the great river. At last the reinforcements became too powerful, and on the fortieth day it was evident that the battle was

over, the great mass was yielding,—bursting—and at any instant might be swept away in a roaring torrent of immeasurable force. At the moment that the flood broke through its bonds, the matchlock men started the *feu-de-joie* that was to save their kinsfolk. Swifter than any beacon-fires went the rattle of musketry from hill to hill, the alarm was given in the city, and all fled precipitately to the heights close at hand. On came the huge wall of water, licking up houses and villages, sweeping away heavy bridges as if they were straws, catching luckless drovers with the cattle they were trying to save, and spreading swift devastation through the land. As it passed Bilaspur it washed away the whole of the city in a moment—with a mighty roar the foaming flood buried everything deep beneath its waters, and when the terrified inhabitants ventured to stop in their mad rush for safety and look back, not a trace of their homes remained. The great wave swept onwards, right down the whole length of the valley till at last, rushing out into the open plain at Rupar it cut its way deep into the earthy banks that bounded the river, being unable to turn at the former sharp angle in which the water flowed, and made a new bed for the Sutlej which henceforward joined the Indus at a point far from its former channel. It was many years before the

land recovered from the devastation spread by this flood. The very soil of the cornfields was in many cases entirely swept away, the industries of the valley were paralysed by the destruction of all property, and every village on the river banks had vanished.

The maidan is crossed, and the road nearest to  
**Bilaspur to** the river, running south, is  
**Namhul** the one to be followed. A  
**12 miles.** little further on a sign-post  
 shews the way to Simla on the left. The road is good on the whole, though with ups and downs, and at the fifth milestone the path to the left must again be taken, the one on the right leading to Sabathu. At the sixth mile the road begins to ascend a long hill, and, with one short descent in the middle, continues to climb for about two miles, winding in and out of spurs, till at about the ninth mile the last valley on the march is entered, and Namhul is seen on the crest of the hill. Though the milestones describe this place as being thirteen miles from Bilaspur, it is really a bare twelve, and the last stone is missing altogether, jumping straight from "Namhul two miles" to "Namhul" in one short mile. There is a rest-house for travellers as well as the rajah's private bungalow, and supplies may be had from the chokidar. The view is extensive on both sides of the ridge, but the hills are bare.

This is a long march, nominally fifteen miles,  
**Namhul to Arki** but it must in reality be  
**15 miles.** fully sixteen. The milestones

are again not very reliable, between the second and third from Namhul about two miles intervene, and the bungalow being well beyond Arki also adds to the distance. The road is good on the whole, but rough at times, and there is a good deal of up and down hill, it is also very dusty. The hills through which the path winds are grassy and bare of trees, and on the whole it is rather an uninteresting march. At two miles from Arki the last ridge is ascended, and from the top there is a fine view, extending from Arki itself to Jutogh, Simla and Kasauli. Viceregal Lodge is very plainly to be seen, and Jakho and the houses on it are so distinct that it seems hardly possible that twenty miles of march are still to be done. Arki itself is a charming little town, with many temples and picturesque streets. The bungalow, for the use of which permission should be asked of the *wazir*, lies on the further side of the town, a little way up the hill. There is a good space in front, and also just below, for tents, and supplies are to be had. The rajah's castle, high up on the side of the hill is a grand pile of buildings, in a magnificent situation, surrounded by a wall. It looks especially fine from the west.

Leaving the bungalow by the road up the hill

**Arki to Ghanna**  
**12 miles.**

to the left, we begin a long series of ascents and descents, with perhaps half a mile or so of level road between them. The hills between Namhul and Simla lie in long ridges from north to south, consequently the road running east and west is extremely hilly. The surface is bad, except just where the road is level, and the gradient often excessively steep. For a great part of the way the soil is black and very dusty, as if there were coal beneath it, and black or white dust is always present in quantities. About eight or nine miles on, Sukrar comes in sight on the opposite side of the valley, and after crossing the little stream below it, the whole of the rest of the way is one long climb to Ghanna, or Ghanna-hatti as it is sometimes called. There is a bungalow here, but no comfortable camping-ground, unless a stubble-field can be called so. Supplies are available. The view towards the south and west is beautiful, across endless ranges of hills. Jutogh and Tara Devi are now quite close, and nearly the whole of the ascent has been made.

On leaving Ghanna the road ascends the spur on  
**Ghanna to Simla** which Jutogh stands. The  
**8 m.** path is good and never

excessively steep, and there is a fine view to the southward. About three miles on, the little Churchyard is seen below and at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles the

cantonment of Jutogh is reached, where for eight months of the year a mountain battery is stationed. Passing through the bazaar and some of the R. A. lines the road winds through the place keeping towards the right, past the sign-post at the beginning of the Sabathu road, and then up the steep hill to the left. The level road which should lead to Simla was broken down by a landslip some years ago and has never been repaired. On foot it is possible to traverse it, but the steps at the gap forbid the passage of horses, and consequently the hill has to be climbed for the purpose of descending again directly. Just before reaching the railway station is the place where natives coming in to Simla are stopped and inspected for plague. Then comes the long gentle slope up to Boileaugunge, first on the open sunny side of the ridge and then crossing over into the woods on the north of Prospect Hill. About two miles from Jutogh the upper gate of Viceregal Lodge is reached, and in the winter, (or at any time if possessed of a pass,) is a shorter and pleasanter way to go through the grounds, instead of going through Boileaugunge, and saves a hill down and up.

After this we are fairly in Simla and the long journey is over. If it has been toilsome there is comfort in feeling that rest is at hand if it has been a delight, it is pleasant to remember that there



is always a great deal more of the world to be seen at some future time. So whatever may be the opinion of the traveller upon his wanderings he may enter Simla in a happy and contented frame of mind!

## TO KULU

*Via BASANTPUR.*

This is a delightful journey through really lovely scenery, though in summer it would probably be hotter than the route by Narkanda.

As far as the road leading up to the 'Retreat' the **Simla to Naldera** way is the same as that already described. Then the **12 miles.** familiar road to Mashobra is followed and at five and a half miles from Simla this village is reached. There is a small temple at the entrance to the bazaar, and the road crosses here to the other side of the ridge, giving a splendid view of the Shali range. There is no rest-house, but a good hotel, the 'Gables,' supplies all that is wanted. At six miles, 'Bendochy,' a bungalow for the use of members of the U. S. Club is passed. Shortly after the path ascends and crosses to the other side of the hill, and a slight downhill through beautiful woods leads to the hamlet of Badner. This is the end of the Mashobra hill, and now begins the climb

along the Naldera spur. The view from the top is very fine, and for a mile or so the path lies along the crest of the ridge, through grassy ground covered with sharp bare rocks. Then comes a turn downhill to the left and a long slope to the few houses which form the village of Naldera. After this we are practically on the golf course so much used by Simla in the summer, a nice little nine hole round which is a great boon to many. There is a pavilion under some fine old deodars and a P. W. D. rest-house, (well furnished, though without stores,) on the right of the road just beyond the course.

<p><b>Naldera to</b>  <b>Basantpur.</b>  <b>6 miles</b>  <b>M. 12.</b></p>	<p>This march is all downhill. The road is very good and never very steep, though it seems a long climb when coming up again. At Badmen, a group</p>
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of houses on the crest of the spur, the road crosses to the Sutlej valley and descends by a long series of zig-zags. Basantpur, with its tidy white-washed quarters may be seen far below long before it is reached, and the Sutlej is visible in bright blue-green curves still further down. The P. W. D. rest-house is almost the first building we come to and the post office is just beside it. The original village is a little further on, with a domed temple and two curious wooden statues outside it,

laden with votive offerings in the form of iron rings. This is a pretty spot with a huge tree and a small tank under its shade. Beyond and up the opposite hill stand the offices of the Simla Hydro-Electric Works and the quarters for the officials in charge. These are connected by telephone with Simla. For the next couple of years Basantpur will be a busy and important spot, but once the scheme is completed it will sink back to its pristine quietude, with only an occasional visit from some traveller who rightly considers the great engineering works there worth a halt to see.

Briefly, a portion of the Nauti Khad, a tributary of the Sutlej, is to be diverted and carried along at such a level that eventually a drop of over 500 ft. is obtained, which will produce the required force by means of turbines. The head-works, where the take-off is being made, lie about 1500 feet below Basantpur down the gully to the eastward. The water flows along for about three miles, being carried through a large spur by a tunnel, and after passing through a reservoir reaches the pipe line above the power-house on the Sutlej. From here the electricity is to be led off by copper wires to various distributing stations, and will supply electric light for Simla, power for an aerial rope railway from Annandale, etc. One line goes to Fagu, where a new pumping-station is to raise

water from the invaluable Nauti Khad through nearly 3000 feet, until it can flow by gravitation into Simla, where the present supply will be doubled by this addition.

The lower portion of the works is visited by going westwards from the ridge, down to the river. The situation of Basantpur itself is very remarkable, shut in as it is by a gigantic wall of mountain rising between it and Simla.

Leaving by the road running west from below

**Basantpur to Suni**

**6 miles.**

**Tata Pani**

**9 miles.**

**m. 18.**

the temple the traveller follows an excellent path to where a sign-post marks the way to Suni on the left. The right hand road leads to the reservoir and power-house works, and is made very wide and easy in gradient to allow of heavy pieces of machinery being taken down it. For a mile or so the Suni road is fairly level, and then begins a series of zig-zags down-hill until the bottom of the Sutlej valley is reached. This is very fertile, and the views along the river are beautiful, with the fine hills in Suket rising on the other side. At six miles Suni, (also known as Bhajji,) is reached, a clean spacious little town, with the Rana of Bhajji's large palace some way off to the left. There is a rest-house here, belonging to the state, and much good camping ground just beyond the

village. Here the soil becomes very sandy, and the road winds along up and down through the makings of a very fair golf-course, were there anyone here to play, and then entering a narrow space between river and mountain ascends until a small hamlet is reached, about mile 26, and the excellent suspension bridge across the Sutlej is seen directly below.

Nothing can be more magnificent than the rush of the river through this narrow gorge. On either side the cliffs descend sheer to the water's edge, and ~~apparently~~ far below it, full of great caverns, fissures, and round hollows like glacier "pot-holes" probably worked out by the force of the current. There is an endless stream of sleepers and planks floating down, and it is irresistible to watch the vicissitudes of their progress, as they are caught into eddies or bumped on rocks, or sometimes hung up in great masses in some back-water from which only a flood seems likely to release them. The river is always, except when in flood, of a beautiful clear greeny blue, and as low down as this is bordered with date palms, bananas and giant bamboos, and even in December the air is balmy and warm. Should the hydro-electric works at Basantpur be so successful that the great scheme of damming and utilising the Sutlej is thought of, it is at this narrow gully that the dam would have to be built, probably with a long

tunnel under the hill on the Suket side, through which the water would flow.

Crossing the bridge we enter the Suket village of Tata Pani, where there is a rest-house. The hot springs lie close to the river about half a mile up, and are shallow pools of mineral water full of magnesia and smelling of sulphur. The water is so hot that the hand can just be held in it at the points where it bubbles up. They are within a few inches of the river, into which, of course, the overflow runs, but local report declares that when the river is in flood, the springs issue from much higher up the bank, always keeping about the same distance from the water. Many natives go there to bathe for the cure of various complaints, and it is also considered a sacred spot, though they seem to use it a good deal for mere purposes of cleanliness, washing both themselves and their clothes in the pools.

From Tata Pani the road begins to ascend out of the Sutlej valley, and in three miles more Alsindi is reached. The road, which is reported to be good, now winds over the hills for four marches until it reaches Bhojpur, where it joins the route already described. The marches are, Alsindi to Chindi nine miles, on to Jhungi, eleven miles, to Ghiri twelve miles, and to Bhojpur thirteen miles. There are rest-houses at every stage, and supplies and coolies are obtainable after due notice.

## NEW ROADS.

Any description of routes is always in danger of becoming out-of-date from the constant changes and improvements that are made in the course of time. This is especially the case in describing such a country as Kulu, where earthquakes and landslips occur, often destroying the existing roads and bridges so utterly that it is hard even to trace where they once were, and when communication is restored it is probably by an entirely new path on the opposite side of the river. Another source of change too, arises from the constant effort to make the mountains less of an obstacle and so open up the country to traffic. Sometimes this is effected by adding a little to the length of a march, when a few extra zig-zags may mitigate the severity of a steep climb. Sometimes a shorter way may be found, without increasing the gradient, by some re-alignment of a road.

At present several schemes for new roads are in contemplation, and a survey has been made by the Punjab Government for at least one radical change in the Simla-Kulu route, and one great improvement in the communications between Kulu and Mandi. It has long been a grievance with the owners of the pack-animals who do all the carrying trade from and through Kulu, that the Jalori pass is so steep on the north side that scarcely a pony or mule crosses it without acquiring girth-galls or a sore

back. Consequently, this road is less used than it might be, and the grass-grown path to Luri shews how small is the traffic that way. The hill to Dalash too, is very long and steep, but if these two obstacles were overcome, Kulu would be as accessible as Narkanda and Baghi, and the journey might even be made in rickshaws with great saving of time and trouble.

It is proposed to make a road, where a path already exists, along the right bank of the Sutlej from Luri Bridge to Baina. From here there is at present no track where the new road is to go, turning up the left bank of the Ani as far as the place of the same name. From Ani by long and easy zig-zags the road is to proceed, making a detour to the east and then turning west to cross by the lower Jalori pass, about half a mile to the west of the present road and 700 feet lower. On the other side it will come down through Soja at a gradient of one in ten—which slope indeed, is not to be exceeded in all this new route if possible—to the Gyagi bridge near Jibi, and will join the existing road a little beyond Jibi at Cheut.

Bungalows will be built at suitable intervals on the way—Ani, Kanouj, and Soja are the places proposed—and it is hoped the scheme will prove a great benefit to Kulu.

In the future the road from Luri Bridge to Baina may be continued *via* Chindi to Basantpur,



where the Simla electric power scheme is being carried out, and from there through Bhajji state to Simla, either entering it by Annandale or by the present road *via* the Naldera spur and Mashobra.

The Mandi road is to be a four-foot path cut through the cliffs overhanging the Beas where it turns off westwards at Larji. This is a formidable undertaking, as there is not a vestige of a path, or any possibility of even climbing along the gorge at present, the precipice being absolutely sheer, and perfectly inaccessible. This path will run for ten miles above the side of the river till it reaches Deodh, where it will join a track already made by the Mandi state to the capital, so that on foot at least, Kulu may be entered without crossing one of the high passes hitherto unavoidable. The slate quarries of Deodh and Bakli will be the first to profit by this new road, but the benefit will be by no means confined to mere local industries.

The gorge along which the new path is to be made is in itself so wonderful, and from all accounts the scenery in its course is so magnificent, that it may well come to be one of the chief attractions in the valley of the Beas.

In Spiti, the river at Dankar is to be crossed by a good suspension bridge, which will be finished in the summer of 1911, and will prove a great boon to travellers on that route.

## THE PEOPLE.

It is difficult to speak of the Kulu people as a whole, for the country comprises many districts which are inhabited by varying tribes, castes and even races. The bulk of the population in Kulu proper, however, consists of what are known as Kanets and Dagis, who are supposed to be of mixed Moghul and Hindu descent. The Kanets are the workers in the fields, the low-caste cultivating race that inhabit the eastern Himalayas and the hills at their base as far as Kangra. The Dagis are the menials, and the upper classes are Rajputs and Brahmins. On first entering Kulu the dress of the people strikes one as strange, and the absence of *puggarees* is a reminder that the hot and sunny plains of India are left behind. The men wear, as a rule, a cloth cap, made almost hood-shaped, but with the lower edge turned up so as to be double-brimmed except in front. This quaintly simple cap, especially when worn over long hair, gently curving in towards the neck, gives them quite the look of English peasants as represented on the stage in Shakespearian plays. A thick puttoo tunic and trousers, and a striped or checked blanket over the shoulders, generally complete their attire.

The women wear a puttoo blanket most skillfully put on, and fastened on each shoulder with a

large silver or brass pin. It is wound round the figure rather tightly, and the skirt is straight and scanty, but the whole thing is an ample covering, and looks a practical and comfortable dress. Their hair is elaborately done in plaits, apparently over cushions, and a small pork-pie cap is jauntily perched, sloping forward, from the chignon at the crown of the head. A tail or two of hair is generally wound across the cap to keep it on, and if the plait is a little scanty it is easily lengthened out with black wool, and the head is usually decorated with silver ornaments and twists of coloured wools here and there. The display of silver is generally very extensive, and necklaces, bangles, nose-rings, anklets, earrings and pins are articles of daily wear. The poorer women who cannot afford the more elaborate jewellery, wear coloured beads and very often a necklace of four or eight-anna bits. A little gilt ornament gummed on the forehead is also very popular. The Kulu people are a very friendly and civil race. As one goes along the road everyone gives a salaam in passing, and indeed it gets almost wearisome to have to respond so often, but the kindness which prompts the salute deserves at least a civil acknowledgment. Still it is a little trying on seeing half a dozen coolies to know that each will say "Salaam!" as he passes, and the man following will wait for the answering salaam

before he speaks in his turn. On the smallest encouragement they pour forth questions, "Where have you come from?" "Where are you going?" "Have you had breakfast?" "Are you married?" "And why not?"—till one would hardly be surprised if they asked, "Have you used Pears' soap?" They have but vague ideas of distance and will call a village "half a march off", or "near", indiscriminately for any distance up to four or five miles. They seldom know the names of mountains, and not always of rivers. One man on being hard pressed, at last said rather scornfully, "They are only stones and water, what do they want with names!"

There are many Brahmins in the country, descendants of those imported when the rajahs were trying to make Hinduism supersede the worship of local deities. These of course live like Brahmins elsewhere, concerning themselves much with the management of the temples. Many other castes and sub-divisions of castes are found, but the mass of the population consists of about seventy-five thousand Kanets and Dagis, and seven thousand Brahmins.

Although the regions of Lahul and Spiti lie beyond the scope of this book, yet some reference must be made to the inhabitants of these parts, as they are constantly met with in Kulu proper. The Lahula, like the Anglo-Indian, prefers to spend his sum-

mer in the hills and his winter in the plains. As the cold weather approaches thousands of Lahulas leave their lofty country and with their live-stock take up their abode in the green pastures of the Kulu valley, either living in tents or building rough little huts, always decorated with the curious bunch of rags on a pole which marks out the Buddhists' dwellings.

They cannot be said to be a good-looking race, being obviously of Tartar or Mongol extraction, short, stout, and broad-faced, with twinkling oblique eyes, flat noses and wide mouths. Among the younger ones the colour is often a redeeming point, being of a pleasant ruddy brown, which gives a great look of buxom health, and their delightful necklaces and ornaments are a continual source of covetousness to the beholder. They dress in thick puttoo, usually adding a snow coat, which is a popular winter garment with the Kulu people also. This is a sleeveless jacket without fastenings, made of very thick coarse blanketing, and is worn over the usual tunic and trousers. The necklaces are of large rough lumps of turquoise, bits of yellow amber, and dark red coral, with other stones and beads. The women often wear a smooth lump of amber, shaped like a small apple with a coral bead at the core, over each ear. There is also a silver cup-shaped flower with a turquoise

or coral heart, which is worn by married women on the crown of the head, with many other silver ornaments. The most interesting decoration however, is the "perak," a strip of scarlet cloth covering the top of the head and hanging down behind, sewn thickly with rows of flat turquoises, often of great size. This, like the silver flower, is only worn by the married women, and is their actual dowry in visible and tangible form. The hair dressing is an elaborate series of plaits lengthened out with wool, and decorated with silver, and two curious semi-circular ear-flaps are worn, sometimes of woolly sheep-skin, sometimes of black wool crotched into loops with a wooden crotchet hook. If the wool is brown it looks curiously like a wig. Of course these innumerable tiny plaits must be a work of time to arrange, and are obviously unlikely to be done daily. On enquiring of a particularly tidy woman, who evidently takes a great pride in her appearance how often she does her hair, it is rather a shock to hear her reply—given as if rather apologizing for such vanity—that she does it every month! These people are Buddhists, and among them are often seen lamas and nuns wearing dark red garments and rosaries and twirling prayer-wheels. Their language is a Thibetan dialect, though some of them can speak Hindustani. They are not to be induced to sell

their ornaments or even the puttoo which they are continually spinning and weaving.

The custom of primo-geniture prevails in Lahoul, the eldest son succeeding on the father's death to the family property. In Spiti on the other hand, a man only holds his land until his eldest son is grown up and married, when it is handed over to the latter until the next generation is ready to succeed, the father being portioned off with a field or two for his support. They declare that this system works well, and is not felt as a hardship by the retiring generation.

The whole population of Kulu proper is purely agricultural, what shops exist are generally in the hands of immigrants from Hoshiarpur or Kangra Districts owing to the indifference of the local inhabitants to money-making, and their dislike to engage in any occupation except that of cultivating their fields, and looking after their flocks and herds.

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## HISTORY.

The written records of the past are somewhat difficult to reconcile with the ancient traditions of the origins of Kulu. The great demi-god here, Paras Ram, to whose time is ascribed everything ancient enough to have lost its proper date, figures in very early Hindu mythology, and is known long before the third or fourth century A. D., which is as far back as the genealogy of the kings of Kulu, descended from his brother Behangamani, would place him. As however his doings are purely imaginary it is not of much consequence whether he ever existed at all, or is merely one of the many sun-god myths so often to be traced in early legends. Here is an account of his family and adventures gleaned from various sources.

Paras Ram, who is said to be an incarnation of Vishnu in the form of a Brahmin, was one of the eight sons of the god Jumduggan and his wife Ranka. Trouble began in the family when the latter paid a visit to her sister, who had married the demon king Saharsabahu, and was received with much honour and hospitality. On her return she told her husband how well she had been treated, and Jumduggan thereupon invited his brother-in-law to return the visit. Among the treasures of the former was a wonderful cow that gave an unlimited



supply of milk, and the first request of the visitor was to be shewn this animal. Jumduggan for some unknown reason refused to let it be seen, and Saharsabahu thereupon forced his way into the cow-shed. The magic cow flew up through the roof, but as it escaped to the heavens—where it is still seen as a constellation—the demon-king drew his bow and clove its hoof with an arrow. Since that time all cows have had cloven hoofs! Not content with this, he next turned upon his brother-in-law and destroyed him. Shortly after, Paras Ram came upon the scene and was urged by Ranka to use his power as Vishnu to restore Jumduggan to life. This was accordingly done, but the first use the ungrateful husband made of his power was to order Paras Ram to behead his mother Ranka, as she had been the original cause of all the trouble. Paras Ram obeyed, and then pursued the demon Saharsabahu, and cut off all his arms but four, and henceforth he was known as Nag Urjuna, the snake-king. Then came a series of victories over the Kshitrya, or warrior race, who were almost exterminated, after which Paras Ram returned to Jumduggan who offered him whatever he asked as a reward. He demanded that Ranka should be restored to life, and this was granted. At this point a slender link with the present time appears in the tale though it is impossible to take any part of the

story literally. Finding himself still looked coldly upon by some for having caused the death of his mother, the hero endowed the Brahmins with five villages on the Sutlej, Nirmand and Nirith among the number, built the temples which are attributed to him to this day, and established the goddess Ambka at Nirmand. These villages are still in the hands of Brahmins, who claim to have held them since the time when Paras Ram made his pious offering in expiation of his crime.

The brother of this hero, Behangamani, was established first at Manikaran, and when driven out of there went to Jaggatsukh, where he succeeded in conquering the upper part of the Beas valley and becoming the ruler of Kulu, as the goddess Hurimba, who appeared to him in a vision, had promised he should. From him are descended the seventy-seven Rajas who styled themselves Pal and ruled until the fourteenth century, after which a change of dynasty seems to have taken place, and the raja henceforward took the suffix of Singh instead of Pal. One story however accounts for the change without breaking the line of descent. As Sudh Pal was walking one day he saw a leopard attack a cow. Full of religious fury he slew the leopard with a blow of his fist and earned the title of Singh, the Lion, which was ever after borne by his descendants.

Not until the time of Jaggat Singh, in 1650, are we studying history and not legends. This ruler, who was a very able man, increased the extent of Kulu very much by his conquests. He seized the whole Surburri valley up to the Bubbu Pass, killing Sultan Chand of Kangra who was defending Sultampur, and transferred the capital from Nagar to that place. His son and grandson were also powerful rulers, but with Jai Singh in the eighteenth century the glory begins to fade, and in a revolt he was driven from the throne, which was then occupied in turn by several of his relatives. A cousin Tedhi Singh, tried to strengthen his position by the murder of all suspected of being opposed to him. Proclaiming a feast, he drugged the liquor, and then ordered his Bhairagi body-guard, imported from India, to massacre his guests to the number of three hundred and sixty. Even this ferocious measure did not prevent another revolt, led by a Kulu Perkin Warbeck, who claimed to be the original dispossessed Jai Singh, but proved to be merely a fakir who had accompanied him, the rajah having died in Oudh. Not until proof of the fraud was obtained could the revolt be crushed, so great a hold did the impostor obtain in Seoraj and Rupi.

The Gurkha invasion of the hill country at the beginning of the nineteenth century affected Kulu at first but lightly, though the rajah paid tribute

for Shangri beyond the Sulej. In 1806 however the Gurkhas invaded Kangra, and Sansar Chand the rajah, as a last resource, called in the Sikhs under Ranjit Singh, to help him. No sooner were the Gurkhas banished than the Kulu rajah found himself called upon for tribute by the Sikh ruler, who was determined to become master of all the hill states. The matter not being easily arranged, a Sikh army invaded Kulu, sacked Sultanpur, and had to be bribed to withdraw. In 1814 the Gurkha power was broken by the British and the Kulu rajah was granted a sanad for Shangri. Then followed fighting with Mandi and Kangra, and in 1839 a Sikh force under General Ventura invaded Mandi and proceeded to overrun Kulu also. It was then that Rajah Ajit Singh was captured, and that his thrilling rescue took place on the Basleo Pass, but he only survived this a few months. Several years were passed in plotting and striving for the Kulu throne, which was now under the control of the Sikhs. At the close of the first Sikh war in 1846 the British came into possession of the country and the Sikh nominee, Thakur Singh, was confirmed in possession of Waziri Rupi, which he had preferred to the responsibility of becoming ruler of Kulu, at the price of a heavy tribute. On this rajah's death his son, (by an irregular marriage,) was allowed to succeed with the title of Rai, but

without political powers, Kulu being now administered by an Assistant Commissioner as part of the Kangra district. This arrangement has lasted down to the present time.

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THE END.

## LIST OF ROUTES.

### ROUTES TO KULU (PASSABLE BY MULES.)

#### I—Via KANGRA.

Miles.

From PATHANKOT ..	...	Gurdaspur District Dak Bungalow, Post Office, Tahsil, Railway Station.
1. To NURPUR ...	15	Kangra District. Dak Bungalow, Post Office, Tahsil.
2. „ KOTLA ...	13½	Dak Bungalow, Post Office.
3. „ SHAHPUR ...	11½	Rest-house, ditto.
4. „ KANGRA ..	13	Dak Bungalow, Post Office, Tahsil.
5. „ Malan ...	10	No Rest-house
6. „ PALAMPUR...	12	Dak Bungalow, Post Office, Tahsil, [or alternative route, 3 Shahpur to 4 Dhamsala (Dak Bungalow, Post Office), and Kangra District Head-quarters] 5 Dadh (11 miles. Dak Bungalow), 6 Palampur (10 miles).
7. „ BAIJNATH ...	9½	Dak Bungalow Post Office.
8. „ DHRLU ...	12	Ditto. Mandi State.

Notice to be given to the Wazir, Mandi, of the supplies required.

[The following route is open during the summer months only. For winter route see below].

9. „ JHATINGRI.	11	Mandi State, Dak Bungalow. Notice for supplies.
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10. To BADWANI ...	12 $\frac{3}{4}$	Mandi State, Dak Bungalow. Notice for supplies.
11. „ KARAUN ...	10	In Kulu, Rest-house. Cross the Bhubbu Pass 10,000 feet, coolie hire, 6 annas
12. „ SULTANPUR..	8	Dak Bungalow, Tahsil, Post Office chief town in Kulu, 4,000 feet.

(*Winter route.*)

From DHELU ...	..	See (8) above.
9a. To HORLA ...	12	Mandi State, Dak Bungalow.
10a. „ DRANG ...	12	Do do.
11a. „ KATAULA ...	12	Do. do.
12a. „ BAJAURA ...	18	In Kulu, Dak Bungalow. 3,573 feet, Cross Dulchi Pass 6,500 feet, coolie hire, 6 annas.
13a. „ SULTANPUR..	9	See (12) above.

II.—*Via SIMLA.*

From SIMLA ...	...	} Simla District, coolie hire, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ As.		
1. To FAGU ...	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	Do.	do.	3 „
2. „ THEBOG ...	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	Do.	do.	4 „
3. „ MATIANA ...	11	Do.	do.	4 „
4. „ NARKANDA... 3	11	Do.	do.	4 „
5. „ LURI BRIDGE	14	Rest-house at Luri, none at Kam- harsen.		
6. „ DALASH ...	7	In Kulu, 6,550 feet, steep descent to the Sutlej which is crossed by the Luri Bridge, 2,650 feet, coolie hire to Kamharsen 6 annas.		

(*Alternative Route.*)

From NARKANDA ...	...	See (4) above.
5a. To KAMHARSEN	6	Simla District, coolie hire, 3 annas
6a. „ DALASH ...	9	See (7) above, do. 6 „

For route from Dalash to Sultanpur (II-2) see Route No. VII.]

### ROUTES IN KULU.

#### III.—MAIN TRADE ROUTE THROUGH KULU AND LAHAUL TO LADAKH (passable by mules.)

Miles.

From SULTANPUR ... See I—12.

1. To KATRAIN ... 11½ Rest-house 4,832 feet. Nagar, the Court of the Assistant Commissioner, is two miles east of this, coolie hire to Nagar from Katrain, 3 annas.
2. „ MANALI ... 12 Rest-house.
3. „ RALA ... 9 Rest-house No village near, supplies impossible to procure without notice.
4. „ KHOKSAR .. 9 Rest-house. In Lahaul, 11,000 feet. Cross Rohtang Pass, 13,400 feet, coolie hire, 6 annas; no village near, supplies difficult to procure without notice. Cross the Chandra by wooden bridge.
5. „ Sisu ... 12 Rest-house.
6. „ GONDLA ... 7 P. W. D. Rest-house. Permission to occupy should be got from Assistant Engineer, Kulu.
7. „ KAILANG ... 10 Rest-house, Post Office, Tahsil, Moravian Mission Station, supplies including wood and grass must be taken from Kailang for the rest of the journey towards Lingti.
8. „ Kolang ... 10 No Rest-house.
9. „ Darcha ... 7½ Ditto.
10. „ Zingzingbar 11½ Ditto.
11. „ Kinlung ... 12 No Rest-house. Cross Bara Lacha Pass, 16,200 feet. Coolie hire, 6 annas.



12. „ Lingti ... 17 No Rest-house. Hard march all the way, over 15,000 feet, coolie hire, 6 annas, on the boundary between Lahaul and Ladakh.

IV.—KAILANG TO SPITI BY THE BARA LACHA PASS.

*[Not passable by mules.]*

Miles.

From ZINZINGBAR . ... See III—10.

1. To Doppo

Gongma ... 5 hours' journey, cross Bara Lacha Pass, coolie hire, 6 annas.

2. „ „ Yoppo ... 3 hours' journey.

3. „ Chandartal ... 5 „ „

4. „ Losar ... 6 hours' journey. In Spiti, cross Kunzam Pass, 14,200 feet, coolie hire 6 annas (this route is difficult being crossed by several torrents, dangerous to laden coolies. There is no road, and there are no villages. Supplies, including grass and wood, must be taken from Kailang (or, on the return journey from Losar).

V.—KULU TO SPITI (not passable by mules).

Miles.

From KATRAIN ... Section III—1.

1. To JAGATSUKH .. 10 Rest-house. There are no villages between this and Losar; supplies including wood and grass, must be taken from Jagatsukh (or Losar on the return journey).

2. „ Chika ... 9 There are no Rest-houses along this route. Rise of 5,000 feet, from Jagatsukh.

3.	„ Chahtru ...	9	Cross Hamta Pass, 14,000 feet, coolie hire, 6 annas.
4.	„ Puti Runi ...	8	
5.	„ Karcha ...	9	
6.	„ Losar ...	12	Cross Kunzam Pass, 14,200 feet coolie hire, 6 annas. In Spiti.
7.	„ Kiotti ...	9	} In Spiti.
8.	„ Kibar ...	11	
9.	„ Kaja ...	8	
10.	„ Dankhar ...	15	
11.	„ Pok ...	8	
12.	„ Lari ...	11	

#### VI.—To MANIKARAN (passable by mules.)

##### Miles.

From SULTANPUR ...	...	See I—12.
1. To Chung ...	12	No Rest-house. [From Bajaura (I—12a) this is about 8 miles distant. coolie hire, 3 annas Cross Bias by suspension bridge.]
2. „ JHARI ...	7	Rest-house
3. „ MANIKARAN..	8	Do. Hot springs.

#### VII.—To SIMLA (passable by mules).

##### Miles.

From SULTANPUR ...	...	See I—12.
1. To BAJAURA ...	9	„ I—12a.
2. „ LARJI ...	12	Rest-house, 3,080 feet. Cross Bias by Utbehali suspension bridge
3. „ MANGLAUR...	7½	Rest-house, 3,710 feet, Banjar Tahsil and Post Office adjoin the road midway between this and Jibi.
4. „ JIBI ...	8½	Rest-house, 5,360 feet.

5. „ KOT	...	10 $\frac{1}{4}$	Rest-house, 7,750 feet Cross Jalori Pass, 10,650 feet, coolie hire, 6 annas.
6. „ CHAWAI	...	9	Do. 6,162 feet.
7. „ DALASH	...	8	Do. For continuation of route to Simla, see II.

VIII.—To RAMPUR BASHAHR (passable by mules).

Miles.

From MANGLAUR ... See VII—3.

1. To BATHAD ... 17 Hard march, coolie hire, 6 annas.  
Rest-house.
  2. „ SARAHAH ... 10 Cross Basleo Pass, 11,000 feet.  
Coolie hire, 6 annas. Rest-  
house.
  3. „ CHUNAGAH 10 Rest-house.
  4. „ ZAGATKHANA 8 Rest-house. Faces Rampur on the  
other side of the Sutlej, which  
is crossed by a suspension bridge.  
Dalash (VII—7) is three marches  
distant from Arsu or Zagat-  
khana :—(1) Nirmand. (2)  
Nithar (no Rest-house at either  
place). (3) Dalash.
-

## Jullunder-Hoshiarpur route to Kulu.

Miles.

JULLUNDER	...	...	On N. W. Railway.
HOSHIARPUR	...	25	
UNUH	...	27	Tongas or Ekkas can be used to Unuh where there is a dak bungalow.
BARSAR	...	20	Bungalow.
AGHA	...	14	"
BHAMLA	...	14	"
GALMA	...	13	Rest house.
MANDI	...	11	"
KATAULA	...	14	"
KANDI	...	9	"
BAJAURA	...	9	Dak bungalow.
SULTANPUR	...	9	"

## Bilaspur, Suket and Mandi to Kulu.

Miles.

SIMLA	...	...	
GHANNA	...	7	Bungalow.
ARKI	...	14	"
NAMHOL	...	15	"
BILASPUR	...	13	"
DIHUR	...	12	"
BHOJPUR	...	12	"
MANDI	...	14	"

*And continue as in former route.*

**Basantpur, Suni & Bhojpur to Kulu.**

Miles.

SIMLA	...	...	
MASHOBRA	...	6	Hotel.
NAIDERA	...	7	P. W. D. Bungalow.
BASANTPUR	...	6	
SUNI	...	5	} There are bungalows but no servants are kept, supplies and coolies procurable with due notice.
ALSINDI	...	6	
CHINDI	...	9	
JHUNGI	...	11	
GHIRI	...	12	
BHOJPUR	...	13	

*And continue as in former route.***Doraha—Rupar—Bilaspur route.**

Miles.

DORAHA	...	...	On N. W. Railway.
RUPAR	...	36	By canal.
KALA KUND	...	21	No bungalow (in 1901,) bad road.
BILASPUR	...	15	Bungalow.

*Continue as in Suket-Mandi route***Kalka—Bilaspur route.**

Miles.

KALKA	...	...	
BADI	...	13	Bungalow.
NALAGARH	...	12	Bungalow.
KUNDULU	...	14	No Bungalow.
BILASPUR	...	16	

## NOTICE REGARDING COOLIES, SUPPLIES, ETC., IN KULU AND LAHOUL.

**1908.**

### I.—COOLIES.

1. The rate of coolie hire is four annas for each stage  
Rates of hire. for each coolie, plus a commission  
of six pies payable to the lambar-  
dar who collects the coolies, except in the case of hard marches  
over passes, etc. For each such march the coolie hire is as  
shown in the list of routes, six annas, plus the aforesaid  
commission.

2. The maximum load for a coolie is 32 seers, but should  
Loads. not as a rule exceed 30 seers or  
28 seers on the stages between  
Jagatsukh and Spiti, between Kyelang and Lingti, and be-  
tween Kyelang and Spiti, *via* the Bara Lacha Pass. On these  
routes also, as the coolies are not changed at the various stages,  
for every three coolies carrying baggage, wood or grass, an  
extra coolie must be taken for carrying food for himself and  
the other three, and must be paid at the above rate.

3. The lambar dar, whose turn it is to provide coolies at  
Notice to be given by travel- a stage, requires three clear days'  
lers requiring coolies. *notice of the date on which they will*  
*be required to enable him to produce them.* The district  
officials, therefore, cannot undertake to provide coolies at any  
stage unless notice is given as follows :

By travellers entering Kulu from the Simla side.—Ten  
clear day's notice to the Naib-Tahsildar, Banjar,  
for the stages within Kulu boundaries, or seven  
days notice to the Naib-Tahsildar, Simla, for the  
stages beyond the Sutlej with eleven annas prepaid  
to cover cost of carriage of the notice.

By travellers entering from the Kangra side.—Seven  
clear day's notice to the Tahsildar, Kulu.

The notice should state clearly the dates on which the  
travellers will reach the various halting places, and  
the number of coolies he requires. It should reach  
the tahsils ten or seven days before coolies are  
required, as the case may be.

4. Travellers are advised not to attempt the Rohtang Special rule as to Rohtang or Hamta Pass in unsettled weather; and Hamta. and coolies will not be provided by the local officers for the stages over these passes, until they shall have been declared open by the Assistant Commissioner, which will ordinarily be about the 15th of May.

5. For each day that a coolie is detained waiting for a Detention of coolies to be traveller after the date notified, and paid for. for each day's halt during which a coolie is detained, a sum of two annas is payable to him by the traveller. Coolies will not be kept waiting for a traveller for more than two days.

6. The routes passable by mules are distinguished in Mule carriage. the accompanying list, and while travellers will at all times be saved much trouble by employing mule carriage in preference to coolies, during the months of June and July mules are almost a necessity, if travelling is to be done in comfort. The rate of hire for each mule is ten annas per stage in the Kangra District (including Kulu), and the authorised load is 3 maunds, but a lighter load is desirable.

## II—SUPPLIES.

7. At every stage, of which the name is printed in Grain, atta, ghi, etc. capitals in the accompanying list, there is a shopkeeper who supplies grain, atta, ghi, etc. *The rates of these articles are not fixed officially. They are liable to variation.*

8. At each stage in Kulu travellers can obtain grass, Wood, grass, charcoal and milk, etc., of which the rates are fixed as follows per rupee from the zamindars on the parao. At Nagar there is a contractor who will sell at the same rates.

MILK	...	...	12 seers.
CHARCOAL	...	..	1 maund.
FIREWOOD	...	...	4 maunds.
DRY GRASS	...	...	4 maunds (at Sultanpur, 2 maunds.)

GREEN GRASS (during the rains). 5 maunds. 4 „

In giving notice for coolies travellers should intimate

to the Tahsildar the approximate quantities which will be required at each stage.

9. As sheep and goats are not usually kept in the proximity of the stages, it is necessary, if they are required, that notice should be given in the same manner as for coolies (see Section 3). The rate fixed for sheep is per rupee seven seers of live weight (i.e., as the animal stands), and for goats ten seers per rupee, and the owner is entitled to the skin if he demands it.

10. Fowls and eggs can generally be obtained, but due notice of their requirements should be given by travellers at each parao, and travellers must make special arrangements for their supply in Lahoul and Spiti, where fowls are not kept:—

LARGE FOWLS	...	...	8 annas each.
CHICKENS	...	...	6 „ „
EGGS	...	...	6 „ per dozen.

At Karaun the zamindars are commonly willing to sell below the authorised rates.

### III.—REST-HOUSES.

11. There are Dak Bungalows at Sultanpur and Bajaura, at which khansamahs are maintained. The occupation of these bungalows is subject to the Provincial Dak Bungalow Rules. Khansamahs are also kept at Katrain and Manali Rest-houses.

12. The other Rest-houses are available for the use of travellers when not required by officers travelling on duty. The charge for occupation is the same as in the case of Dak Bungalows. Officers travelling on duty are entitled to the use of the Rest-houses free of charge. No servants are maintained other than chaukidars and sweepers.

### IV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

13. Travellers are advised to make all payments on account of supplies and portage themselves, and not to leave it to native servants.



14. Travellers encamping away from the regular halting places must make their own arrangements for supplies and coolies ; i.e. these rules do not apply to any traveller who is not marching along a regular route. Such a traveller is not entitled to get labour or supplies at any fixed rate.

15. Complaints should be addressed to either the Assistant Commissioner, Kulu, or the Deputy Commissioner, Kangra.

These rules are liable to alteration at any time, and travellers intending to visit Kulu should write to the Assistant Commissioner asking for a copy of the current rules regarding carriage, supplies etc.

Rates and prices are not fixed for Spiti, where travellers must be prepared to put up with some discomfort.

#### NOTE.

*These regulations are likely to be revised before long. The lines in antique type embody some of the probable additions, but until officially published the regulations of 1908 must be consulted.*

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## SHOOTING REGULATIONS, KANGRA DISTRICT.

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*Rules to regulate hunting, shooting and setting traps or snares in the Kangra district.*

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### RULES.

These rules apply to all reserved and protected forests of every class in the Kangra district.

1. In these rules the terms *game* shall include big game and small game, when in a wild state.

Big game includes the red bear (*Ursus Isabellinus*), all kinds of sheep, goats, antelopes and their congeners, and all kinds of deer.

Small game includes peafowl, jungle fowl, pheasants, partridges, quail, geese, duck, snipe, and woodcock.

2. The snaring and trapping and netting of game is prohibited except by the special permission of the Divisional Forest Officer of the Forest Division concerned. This rule does not apply to the musk deer, the taking of which is governed by rule 3.

3. The driving and killing of game in the snow is absolutely prohibited.

4. The shooting of small game is prohibited between the 15th of March and the 15th of September (both days inclusive); provided that this "close time" does not apply to geese and ducks.

5. No person shall destroy or take the eggs or nest of any game bird except with the permission of the Divisional Forest Officer of the Forest Division concerned.

6. The shooting of big game is absolutely prohibited except under license to be granted by the Divisional Forest Officer of the Forest Division concerned.

7. A license, for which the sum of Rs. 20 will be charged, will permit the holder to shoot big game in any forest which has not been closed to sport by the Conservator: provided that he does not kill (a) more than the following numbers of the animals specified, or (b) immature specimens, or (c) females other than she-bears:—

- 1 Ibex ... 3 (no head to measure less than 30").
- 2 Nayang (*Ovis Ammon*) 1 (minimum head 42").
- 3 Burhel (*Ovis Nahura*) 4 (minimum head 22").
- 4 Thibetan Antelope  
(*Pantholops Hodgsoni*) 2 (minimum head 22").
- 5 Goral (*Cemas Goral*) 4 (minimum head 6").
- 6 Tahr or Kart (*Hemit-  
rangus Jamlaicas*) ... 2 (minimum head 7").
- 7 Serow or Yamu (*Nem-  
arhoedus Bubulinus*) 1 (minimum head 7").
- 8 Barking deer or Kakar  
(*Cervulus Muntyac*)... 3 (minimum head 4½").
- 9 Red bear (*Ursus Isabe-  
llinus*) ... 2.

8. No musk deer, either male or female, is to be shot or taken except as provided by the terms of the forest settlement or under license of the Assistant Commissioner, Kulu sub-division.

9. Licenses to shoot big game will remain in force for twelve months from the date of issue, and are not transferable. Every license must be returned to the office of issue, within a fortnight of the date of its expiry, and the license-holder must endorse upon it the number and kind of big game killed. The Conservator of Forests may (a), in the case of residents in Kulu, other than officials, issue a family license to cover shooting by sons of the holder residing in his house, and (b) in the case of officers travelling on duty, issue a temporary permit for a period not exceeding 30 days on payment of Rs. 5.

10. Applications for licenses should be sent by registered post to the Divisional Forest Officer, Kulu, or to the Divisional Forest Officer, Kangra Forest Division, according to the locality in which it is proposed to shoot.

"Without the special sanction of the Local Government the total number of licenses issued in any year shall not exceed the limits specified below:—

In Kulu Tahsil...	...	...	...	8
In Saraj	...	...	...	2
In Lahoul	...	...	...	7

These limits may be reduced by the Conservator of Forests, Punjab, if any forests are closed to the public for hunting and shooting.

NOTE.—Bara Bangahal and Chota Bangahal are in Kangra Division, Lahoul and Spiti are in Kulu Division. All forests lying west of Bangahal are in Kangra Division.

11. Breaches of these rules are punishable under sections 25 (i) and 32 of Act VII, 878, or by the confiscation of any privilege granted under them, or both.

12. Nothing in the rules shall be deemed to interfere with the recorded "sporting rights" of the Rai of Rupri within the limits of his own *jagir*.

13. Nothing in these rules is to prevent the destruction of any red bear known to be a sheep killer.

14. The Conservator of Forests shall prepare in October of each year a list of forests which shall be closed to the public generally for hunting and shooting as sanctuaries for the protection of game. The list shall be published in the *Punjab Gazette*, and a copy shall be hung in the offices of the Deputy Commissioner and Divisional Forest Officer.

15. A license may be cancelled at any time by the officer granting it or by the Conservator of Forests. Any breach of the Forest Act or of any rule made under the Act, if committed by the holder of the license or any of his retainers or followers, shall render the license liable to cancellation. Licenses are liable to be declared invalid in regard to any particular forest in case of fire breaking out in any part of that forest, or in case of unwarrantable interference with forest work.

16. The holder of a license is not exempted from liability under the Forest Act, or any other law for anything done in contravention of such Act or law, or for any damage caused by him, his retainers or followers.

NOTE.—Sections 25 and 32 of the Forest Act prescribe penalties for breach of these rules. And section 67 of the Act empowers the Divisional Forest Officer to compound any such breach on payment of a sum of money.

## CLOSE SEASON FOR SHOOTING.

*In Native States round Simla.*

---

It is notified for public information that a close season for birds and animals of game is observed in the Native States round Simla, as in the Simla District, from the 15th March to the 30th August and shooting of the birds and animals protected is prohibited during that period.

In the Dhami State near Ghanna-ka-Hatti the forests noted below are preserved for the use of His Excellency the Viceroy, and shooting in them is not allowed except by special permission of the Rana:—

1. Badowa.
2. Barailee.
3. Ghandal-ka-nal.
4. Kauphloo-ka-nal.
5. Chamba-ka-nal.
6. Jabal-ka-nal.
7. Bari.

In the Keonthal State shooting in the following forests is prohibited except with the permission of the Raja or of the undersigned:—

1. Charol.
2. Maiyala-ka-shil.
3. Dhaili.
4. Luhaila-ka-shil.
5. Ben.
6. Padechi.
7. Gusain Pujarli.
8. Rathmun.
9. Kul-ka-Malum Shilru.
10. Shingi.
11. Rihayal.
12. Kaljiyar Jhalru.
13. Tara-Devi.

Shikarees should not be employed who are ignorant of the prohibited localities.

## STATEMENT A.

*List showing the Localities, in the Simla District (British territory) and in Native States under the Political control of the Deputy Commissioner of Simla in his capacity of Superintendent of Hill States, in which shooting by Soldiers, as well as by Civilians, is prohibited.*

[Note.—For a list of the *animals and birds* which are regarded by the inhabitants as sacred, or which are protected by rules relating to the establishment of a close season, and should not be shot or destroyed, see separate statement, B.]

British or Native territory.	Names of places, or Native States, Particulars of prohibitions and remarks.
British ...	<p>Simla District (British territory) comprising—  Simla Tahsil <i>cum</i> Bharauli.  Tahsil Kotkhai <i>cum</i> Kotgarh.  No shooting allowed in the vicinity of <i>Deotas</i> or temples, burning grounds for dead bodies, or any other place objected to by villagers.  Simla water-supply catchment area  No shooting allowed in this area without the permission of the Municipal Committee of Simla.  Simla Municipal limits, Kasumpti Municipality, Jatogh, Solon, Dagshai and Subathu Cantonment limits.  No shooting allowed in the vicinity of <i>Deotas</i> or temples, burning grounds for dead bodies, or any other place objected to by villagers, nor in the immediate vicinity of houses of residents.</p>
Native territory	<p>Patiala.  No shooting permitted in territory belonging to the Patiala State without the permission, first obtained, of the Foreign Minister of Patiala (permission cannot be granted by the Superintendent, Hill States).</p>

British or Native territory.	Names of places, or Native States, Particulars of prohibitions and remarks.
Native territory (Simla Hill States)	<p>Bilaspur, Bashahr, Nalagarh, Keonthal, Baghal, Baghat, Jubbal, Kumharsain, Bhajji, Mailog, Balsan, Dhami, Kutha, Kunihar Mangal, Bija, Darkuti, Taroch, Sangri, Koti, Madhan, Delath, Theog, Kaneti, Ghund, Rawin, Ratesh and Dhadi.</p> <p>(1). Special permission to shoot in any of these States should be obtained in each case, from the Superintendent, Hill States, Simla (Punjab Government letter No. 459, dated the 17th September 1894, to the Adjutant General in India).</p> <p>(2). All Civilians and Military clerks (except those holding Honorary Commissions employed at Army Head-quarters must first obtain shooting passes from their immediate superiors and then send or take these passes to the Superintendent, Hill States, Simla, in order to obtain permits to shoot in one or more of the adjoining States (Letter No. 896-D, dated the 15th April 1898, from the Adjutant General in India, Simla, to the Superintendent, Hill States, Simla).</p> <p>(3). Permits cannot be given for certain forests or shooting preserves specially reserved by Chief of States for themselves. For such areas, the permission of the Chief himself has first to be obtained through the Superintendent, Hill States.</p> <p>(4). When permits in any case are given by the Superintendent, Hill States, no shooting can nevertheless be allowed in the vicinity of <i>Deotas</i> or temples, burning grounds for dead bodies, or any other place objected to by villagers in Native States.</p>

## STATEMENT B.

*Monkeys, Apes and Peafowl*, (sacred.) Shooting of these at any time absolutely prohibited. *Pariah and other dogs*, (domestic.) shooting of these at any time absolutely prohibited in the vicinity of villages. The following list of animals and birds are protected from 15th March to 31st August, inclusive, each year. *Sambha, Barking Deer, Gooral, Seroo, Bare, Musk Deer, Pheasants including (1) White-crested Kalij, Koklas, Chir, Monal, Western Tragopan. Partridges, including black partridge, common hill partridge, Chukar. Jungle Fowl.*

[Note.—For a list of the *localities* in which shooting is prohibited, see separate statement, A.]



# STATEMENT B.

1	2	3		4	5	6
Sacred, domestic or protected.	Bird or Animal.	NAME OF BIRD OR ANIMAL		In Urdu local native name.	Period of the close or breeding season for birds protected by rules for the preservation of game.	REMARKS.
		In English.				
Sacred ...	Animal	Monkeys	..	Bandar	} (See column 6)	Shooting of these at any time absolutely prohibited.
Ditto ...	Ditto ...	Apes	..	Langur		
Ditto ...	Bird ...	Peafowl	..	Mor		
Domestic	Animal	Pariah and other dogs.	..	Kutta		
Protected	Ditto ...	Sambha	..	Maha Sambar	Ditto	Shooting of these at any time absolutely prohibited in the vicinity of villages. Note—The possession or sale, within the limits of the Simla Municipality, of any wild bird (including peafowl) or animal of game recently killed or taken (entered in
Ditto ...	Ditto ...	Barking deer	..	Kakar	15th March to 31st August, inclusive, each year.	
Ditto ...	Ditto ...	Gooral	..	Ghorl or Ghal	Ditto	
Ditto ...	Ditto ...	Serow	..	Aimu	Ditto	
Ditto ...	Ditto ...	Hare	..	Khargosh, Pharlu	Ditto	

Ditto ...	Ditto ...	Musk deer ...	Kastura or Mushknafa.	Ditto	...	this list) or the import therein of the plumage of any such wild bird, or the fur or skin of any such animal of game during the close season is prohibited; and any person convicted of a breach of the rules made in this behalf under Section 3 of Act XX of 1887 (an Act for the protection of wild birds and game is punishable with a fine which may extend in the case of a first offence to Rs. 5 and in the case of a subsequent offence to Rs. 10 in respect of every such bird, or animal, or fur, or skin,— <i>vide</i> Government Notification No. 835, dated the 21st July 1890.
Ditto ...	Bird ...	Pheasants— (1) White-crested Kalij. (2) Koklass ... (3) Chir ... (4) Moonal ... (5) Western Tragopan.	Kukra, Murgi, Kulsa, Kale-sha. Kaklas, Plash Chair, Cheer, Lanj. Male Munal, Female, Bodar Jaju	Ditto	...	
Ditto ...	Ditto ...	Partridges— (1) Black Partridge. (2) Common Hill Partridge. (3) Chukor ... Jungle fowl ...	Kala Titar ... Ban Titar ... Chakor, Chakra. Lal Murgi ...	Ditto	...	

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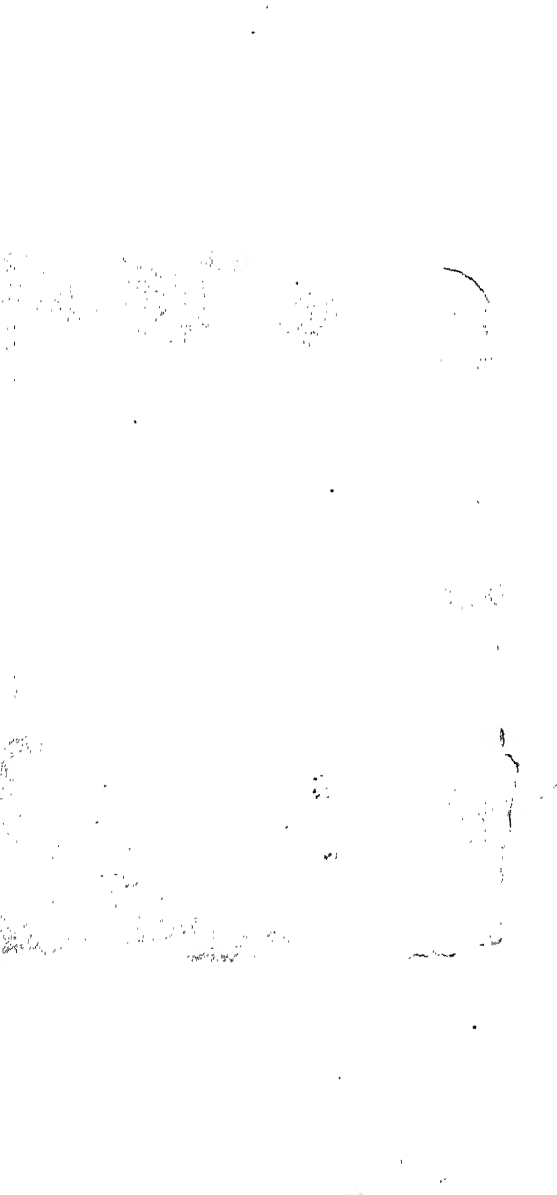
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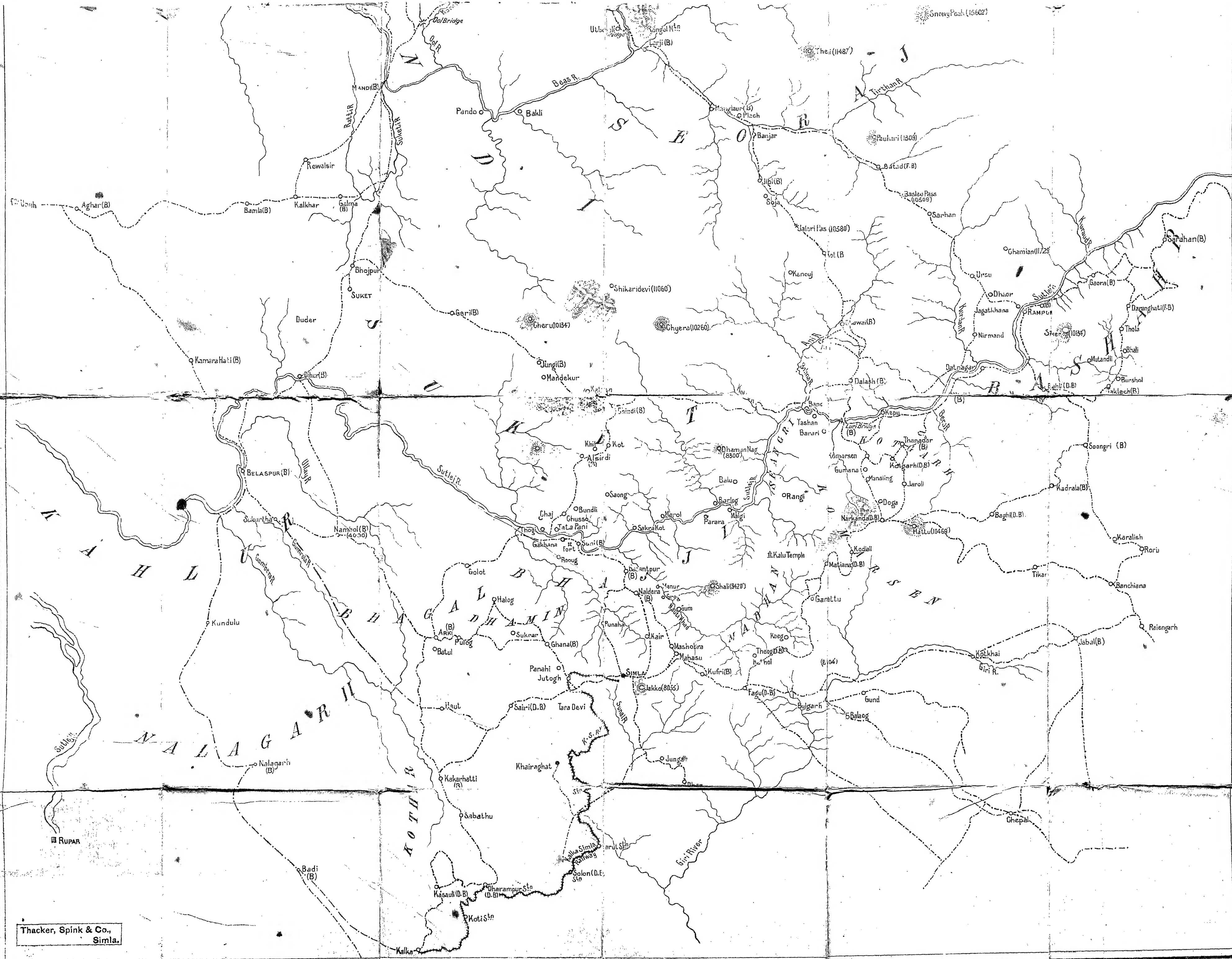
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